

August 18, 1971 — train from Poughkeepsie to NYC  
in order to get apartment. Joell & I went to the  
Columbia housing office & got a list of available  
places; most encouraging — then the task  
of finding suitable lodging began —  
The 18th was frustrating; spent the night  
at Cheryl's in the West Village on Hudson Street  
(496 apt 6); on the 19th we set out again —  
frustrating; we went to an agent on 72nd —  
Fran Saxe — disgusting, oily agent was  
what we found; then one more trip to  
Columbia on the hope that their housing  
office was a better bet. Success on the  
19th; we came over here (336 Riverside Dr,  
apt 1B) and saw the place and had a  
race with 2 girls who also wanted to rent  
our apt. the lease was signed on the 20th  
and I went back to Hyde Park where  
I was met by Earl, Bob (UCLA) and  
a chap from Penna — dinner in  
Hyde Park (actually Poughkeepsie) —  
some Italian place. I left for  
Pennsylvania on the 20th to organize —  
Penna from the 20th — 30th of August.  
On the AM of the 31st. I packed my  
possessions into the family mercury  
and drove to NYC + 3 hrs — 150 miles —  
unpacked and drove back to Penna  
tried to pick up film in Germantown



from Hallor's pharmacy — the film was not ready and I still have not yet received the pictures & took of Russell & Aunt family;

September 1, 1971 — Mom drove me to the bus in Carbondale at 7:40 AM — I arrived in NYC and arrived Chiz more via the Broadway local in an elated mood; Joel & Calvin arrived in mid-afternoon; I had the only key to the apartment; Joel & Calvin left for Washington the next day (2nd) and I "organized" in the apt. — that evening Jay & Nancy Houghton and David Burk dropped by — unexpectedly — great fun — they drove down from Livingston — I was invited to Livingston (Chiz Jay) for Saturday picnic — one thing I did to another and I missed the last train back to Grand Central — Jay, Nancy & I slept on 3rd floor Chiz Jay; on the 5th we went swimming at the home of Robbie's present "love"; later that day we had Barbecue #2 in the Houghton backyard and "feted" Nancy's birthday — Champagne —



16th of Sept. I walked down Broadway from 100th to Lincoln Center — It was then that an elderly lady somewhere in the 80's asked me to help her cross a street around 95th St — She asked: "Young man! Would you help me across the street?" I was ecstatic and that set the tone for a few days.

September 7, 1971 — I arrived at Penn Station — I took the train down to meet him — the item for the day was organization at 336. Earl arrived covered with sweat that afternoon from Tilton — I was good to see him but I had the feeling he was depressed about something — we didn't discuss it — Perhaps he was intimidated by Sheryl — Maybe we (Joel, Sheryl & I) did reminisce too much about all. That night we had dinner at the West End and then went to see the Go Between at the 68th Street Playhouse; actually it was not Sheryl who was Ckg now on the 7th — it was Ellen. Earl wanted to "walk" — we took a cab directly back to 336



Ellen, Joel & I go to  
see Klute -  
Jane Fonda  
is superb  
as a  
hooker  
I still  
think  
she won  
more  
conveyed  
in "they  
shoot  
horses,  
don't  
they"

Ellen leaves for Europe -  
dinner at the sisters on 104th  
September 8, 1971 - I took the train  
to the Port Authority with Earl and he  
left for DC at noon. Joel interviewed  
at 72nd somewhere for a job to  
teach English to foreigners. Joel & I  
met at the West End and  
continued organizing.

September 19, 1971 - Opera ticket day -  
we got tickets for La Boheme (NYC opera);  
Faust and Cav/Pag at the Met.  
My feelings about all that are  
not difficult to imagine: there  
was a Bette Davis film on that  
night (The Watch on the Rhine) -  
Davis was most subdued; the  
film, Neumanns, was delightful -  
that film was #10 for me of  
Davis's oeuvre.

September 10, 1971 - Axel & Lauren  
Friedmann from Scarsdale -  
Joel's friends from JMU come  
down and we had dinner at  
the Symposium (Greek) on 113 -  
good food - reasonable -  
we had tea chez nous and  
then Axel & Lauren left for  
Scarsdale - I walked Sheyl  
to the Broadway train - pouring



rain; bought the Sunday Times at mum's -  
how utterly grand - the thought of  
getting a job first occurs to me -  
apparently I am trying to get over  
dissertation depression.

September 12, 1971 - Got up most late  
after watching several television films -  
and went to Sheryl's in the West  
Village - lunch in a place that  
seemed to be everything it ought  
to be - And then we went over  
to the New York Arts and Antiques  
Flea Market at 26th & Ave. of the  
Americas - Got 2 Coin silver spoon  
(\$6) and a Dutch souvenir spoon  
with delft on the handle (\$2.75) -  
too much for a souvenir spoon -  
the Flea Market was packed out  
and we went back to Sheryl's  
and relaxed and then home -  
At 1130 that night David  
Suskind Show - "How to be a  
Jewish son" - funny - but Mel  
Brooks began to weigh on me  
after a while - I all thoroughly  
enjoyed the show & not at all standing  
the fact that he had seen it before.



September 13, 1971 - Monday - Joel gets a job as an assistant at the Columbia Library in the Special Collections Reading room - then we go to a place in lower Manhattan (Klebe Street) and pick up the turntable which began to mal-function during Joel's absence over the Labor day weekend - through no fault of mine; Music again fills the apt (Wagner - R. Strauss - Puccini) - The 11 o'clock movie was "The Third Man" (Joseph Cotton & Orson Wells) - Orson Wells at one point remarked - "Look - In Italy there were wars, the Borgias, bloodshed <sup>and monarchy</sup> - but it produced Leonardo & the great Michelangelo - In Switzerland there was a democracy - 500 years of peace and what did they produce the cuckoo clock". Somehow Joel managed to pull a towel bar off the wall all in the course of a simple trip to the bathroom. Jay & Trane happily will be able to come for dinner on Wednesday - they leave for Europe on Sunday evening - more problems now arise - I plan to meet them at Grand Central on Wed afternoon at 5:15 when they arrive from Livingston.



September 14, 1971 - Tuesday - The word  
"disappointed" seems to aptly describe the  
day's events; I "had waited" at Sheryl's  
and it all seemed pointless since  
she had another friend who was  
there when I arrived - my first  
impression of him when I arrived  
was somewhat negative - actually  
he was "sympathetic". Sheryl didn't  
work all day and we watched  
Sophia Loren and Peter Sellers in  
"The Millionairess" - Sophia Loren made  
me think of Barbara Graves; naturally  
I enjoyed the subway trip up &  
down; Bill Nolte seemed to be  
at the Holiday Inn in midtown  
but I can't seem to get in touch  
with him; the letter I wrote to  
Earl while at Sheryl's seemed  
(to me at least) full of enthusiasm  
I hope Earl feels the same;  
Rudolph Valentino's "Blood & Sand"  
impressed me & bored me at  
the same time; I can't recall  
ever seeing a silent film before -  
I suppose I have but I have  
forgotten when it was; Bette  
Davis' "The Virgin Queen" is on the  
tube at 9:30 AM - tomorrow -  
My anticipation is great. After



Much hesitation I seem to have  
arrived on a menu for Tomorrow  
night — It will be fun to see  
Jay & Name again.

September 15, 1971 — glorious day —  
Bette Davis' The Virgin Queen was one  
of her best; she seems to have the independence  
that I so admire — the dialogue of  
the film (9:30 AM on Channel 13) was  
superb; today I really began to  
feel like a New Yorker — I went  
shopping for the dinner for Jay &  
Name I met them at Grand  
Central and guided them back  
thru the intricacies of the BMT  
Shuttle and the LRT uptown local —  
How glorious; I was most pleased  
with the "parpattes de boeuf" la  
fare à l'ail de Mme. Cassin" as  
well as the Cream puffs — After  
dinner (at Midway Inn) we (Jay,  
Name and I) went to the West  
End and talked until 4 PM —  
How glorious to be a resident of this  
fantastic city; Joel seemed to get  
along very nicely with Jay & Name  
I believe he likes them; John Hughes  
(a Welshman) will arrive to spend  
a day or two tomorrow — I met



him at Hyde Park this summer at  
the Roosevelt Library — Tomorrow  
should be one of those days that  
make life so beautiful —  
Joy & Name — GCT — the opera —

September 16, 1971 — Thursday  
My "imitation" à la vie opératique" in  
NY was entirely memorable. Enrico  
di Giuseppe & Joanna Bruno sang  
superbly; We All (Joel, Sheryl & I) met  
at the New York State Theatre — Sheryl's  
reaction was not terribly manifest —  
which is of course not surprising for  
Sheryl. Joy & Name & I got up  
around noon and went for the  
Classic Staten Island Ferry boat  
ride — exhilarating (sp). Then it  
was Penn Station (Staller Hector) for  
International Dinner's luncheon for  
Joy & Name. When Joy & Name  
left for Livingston I then tried  
to find John Hughes — His telegram  
said he would arrive at GCT at  
530 at track #9 — unfortunately  
there is no track #9 at GCT —  
Eventually we met at GCT and  
made it back to 336 Pst in time  
for me to get to the opera —



No day was both exhausting and delightful — I fell in a way that I spend about 10 hours of this day on the Broadway local & the other 14 in 19th C. Paris. The Broadway garbage yielded three orange crates which will become shelves tomorrow (probably) —

September 17, 1971 — Friday.  
Identity Crisis which I seemed to experience by mid-afternoon; Sheryl & I met Jack after work at the West End and more or less made plans for the weekend — the 105th St & RSD block party as well as the NYC Art & Antique Flea Market seem to recommend themselves; the afternoon was memorable — Jussi Björling's "Pagliacci" — "Vesti la giuba" was even more beautiful than I had remembered it — Cavalleria Rusticana seems superlative in that it reveals in music for the sake of music; John Hughes' wife (American) is cursed by the English fetish "she seems to have — she doesn't even do a very good job with it; J. Hughes will return on Monday. Bill Nolte has



apparently left NY - & tried for the 3rd  
and final time to reach him today.  
Jill heard from Pauline Kael's  
Young Steady for an hour or two -  
She is alarming perceptive -  
almost in a frightening manner.  
I got a bit angry about what  
she said about the From under.  
Jill's admiration for Kael is  
most certainly well founded.  
Jill and I talked for quite  
a while about Calvin - the  
possibility of his coming to NYC -  
our doubts about Calvin's  
choice of film graduate school etc.  
Tomorrow - Greta Garbo's  
Grand Hotel & Citizen Kane -  
Two of the great ones - I have  
never seen either and am  
most eager (I wonder: is it  
"Cane" or "Kane") - no matter.

September 18, 1971 - Saturday  
"Grand Hotel" is just that.  
Garbo is magnificent altho it  
seems that Joan Crawford ought to  
get more attention for her performance  
in a way - she is the "star" of the  
film. Notwithstanding - when  
Garbo falls in love with Barrymore



she gives a performance that is  
unmatched — Joel reports that Garbo  
lives somewhere over on Park Ave. —

I thought she was dead; Citizen Kane  
annoyed me — the whole film  
made me mad — it is a facile but  
of popular entertainment. perhaps I  
am looking for profundity where  
it doesn't exist. Actually I am  
reading Kall's article on Citizen Kane  
(80 pages in the New Yorker) — My opinion  
might change; Somehow right  
tonight I never made the connection  
that the "Wary the Woods" Wells was  
also the actor & director. At times  
I am astounded by the things I  
get confused or don't know; Apparently  
Garbo was not born in USA — but in  
Sweden; — It is in Grand Hotel  
that she makes her famous statement:  
"I want to be alone"; She is an  
incredibly beautiful woman. —

The delicatessen between 108 & 109  
on Broadway was one of the days  
great discoveries — As a result  
I am feeling a bit fat at the  
moment.



September 20, 1971 - Monday

I hurled myself into the midst of the 9-5'ers" today and it made me a bit up-tight. I wasn't quite sure what my marketable skills were but nonetheless I registered there with an Agency on Madison Avenue.

The person who handled my application was most "sympathique" and most generous with the typing test — my typing on the electric typewriter was quite a trauma — never have I used one before. I can't really say that I am overly optimistic about the possibility of success on my first attempt; Tomorrow I will try again with more information about the "routine" at my command —

Hopefully I won't have to confront an electric typewriter tomorrow — Perhaps my typing skills are outmoded by the invention of the electric typewriter; John Hughes (Welsh) arrived for a few more days stay — Joel had just finished dinner & John hadn't eaten — I cooked him some chicken — he seemed appreciative — He wanted to watch Part 2 of The Shallows which struck both Joel & I as a bit dreary —



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Notwithstanding the film provided  
the springboard for a lively discussion  
about cinema, art & politics,  
most enjoyable — one thing  
for certain Joel dislikes the Kennedy's;  
Surtout Jacqueline

September 21, 1971 — Tuesday  
Three more visits to temporary job  
agencies — #1 was lurid — a fatish  
middleamerican woman acted  
supercilious and bureaucratic — #2 was  
pleasant but I think they were turned  
off by my appearance; #3 should produce  
results — It was an agency in the  
Chrysler Building — very young and  
the office seemed to have an exciting  
aura to it — I typed 61 words per minute  
tomorrow I should know how it  
all worked out — I'd love to get a  
temporary job; Upon returning I  
painted my parlor with Case  
Chinese red & Mandarin yellow —  
very pleased; tomorrow I'll put  
the records in them; John (Hughes)  
Joel & I watched McHaleback of  
Notre-Dame (Silent film with  
Lon Chaney) — very touching; I  
improvised and produced a  
rather successful gingerbread + Crime Chantilly  
Robert.



September 22, 1971 - Wednesday

Fant at the Metropolitan Opera -  
unfortunately Placido Domingo was  
"indisposed" - otherwise it would have been  
a superlative performance. Georges Tossi  
stole the show as Mephistopheles -  
This was my first opera at the New Met  
and such a glorious place it is -  
the automatic Chandeliers (up & down)  
are marvellous to say the least.  
Joel & I had to look through "Harold" -  
i.e. - a railing; the Kermesse scene;  
Avant de quitter ces lieux; the Soldier  
Chorus; Qui c'est moi; Je t'aime;  
anges purs anges radieux; Not to forget  
the ballet as well as the entire  
apothecosis scene were outstanding.

Calvin was supposed to be here  
when we returned from the Opera -  
apparently not - maybe tomorrow  
Today (until the opera) was most  
depressing - I'm worried about  
getting a job - tomorrow I shall  
try again only this time I will  
emphasize the fact that I have  
College degrees - let's hope it  
works - If it doesn't I fear  
I would be most depressed -  
I have a feeling I will not get to  
writing until I get a job



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Notre-Dame (silent film with  
Lon Chaney) — very touching; I  
improvised and produced a  
rather successful gingerbread + Crème Chantilly  
Robert.



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Faust at the Metropolitan Opera -  
unfortunately Placido Domingo was  
"indisposed" - otherwise it would have been  
a superlative performance. Georges Tossi  
stole the show as Mephistopheles -  
This was my first opera at the New Met  
and such a glorious place it is -  
the automatic Chandeliers (up & down)  
are marvelous to say the least.  
Joel & I had to look through "Harold" -  
i.e. - a railing; the Kermesse scene;  
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Chorus; oui c'est moi, je t'aime;  
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College Degrees - let's hope it  
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September 23, 1971 - Thursday  
a maelstrom it was; I got ready this AM to go to  
find a job but got over to Broadway &  
decided not to <sup>go</sup> and returned to 336 and  
got my books and writing material  
and went off to the New York Public  
Library - about 5 hrs of work on the  
dissertation resorted; I met Sheryl  
when she got out of work and  
then went to Austak Pomes Fute on 56th  
Street; Calvin & Joel arrived -  
delighted that Calvin will be here;  
He seems a bit nervous about the  
whole thing - understandable I guess;  
We went to see Company (Sheryl  
said it was good & so we got tickets)  
The show is not by any means  
superlative in a positive way -  
Jane Russell was pitiful - she  
reminded me of Barbara Graves;  
Notwithstanding the show made me  
feel good and delighted to be  
in NY; The song "100 more people  
got off the train" is outstanding  
and so was the girl who sang it;  
Apparently I have a job at  
Unicef - tomorrow I'll get  
the details - perhaps it's at the  
U.N. that would be grand!



September 24, 1971 - Friday  
Calvin & Joel separately took care of their business at Columbia this PM - Joel worked and Calvin registered etc; When they returned we went to Penn Station - they took the 2:55 Metroliner; I called Mrs Kline to tell her of their arrival time; Apparently the Klines will drive Joel & Calvin back up here tomorrow - most likely Sunday; I'm very optimistic about the three of us sharing their place; There's no reason why it shouldn't work; The remainder of my day was busy-work - letters to home; Kodak about the bad film; the bank in Pa; the one in NY etc; Sheryl & I plan to meet at noon in the W Village at Sheryl's place - we will again try and find the feast of San Geronimo and see what the MGM auction in the Village is all about in the late afternoon; Much of this evening had been spent organizing; my letter to home pleased me.

September 25, 1971 - Saturday  
glorious day; not only in the sense of weather but also in the sense that I got to know a bit more of New York -



primarily Little Italy, Canal Street and  
the Village. Sheryl, Alan (her friend  
from Queens who didn't impress me too  
much & who seems to act like a child)  
and I went to the Feast of San Gennaro —  
the patron Saint of Naples — earthy,  
ethnic, and sensually alive — I  
at one point I thought that the  
whole thing (perhaps initially)  
reminded me of the Clifford Carnival —  
yet this feast was directed at adults —  
glorious; the street (Mulberry St)  
seemed like a Puccini set; Lola  
would have loved it; I hope my  
pictures can capture it a little —  
after San Gennaro we went to  
the M G Auction at Houston — no  
Hudson — and W 10th; the auction was  
long but not at all dull —  
the auctioneer got into a fight with  
a man & his wife; skimming disgusting  
auctioneers — not at all like  
Sivers — the firemen came & put up  
no smoking signs in the middle  
of it all — the prices were high —  
as were some of the people —  
M G M memorabilia — they were  
selling a chair that Betty Davis  
sat in in Elizabeth & Essex —  
Barbo's shoes in Camille; Jennifer



Jane's shoes & dress from Madame Bovary;  
fake temple vases from "imperial"  
films; a griffin gargoyle from  
N-D de Paris; incredible; none  
of us bought anything but it was  
fantastic; Sheryl transacted some  
marijuana business with her  
brother; Today made me feel more  
like a resident than a visitor to this  
incredible city. Calvin and Joel  
should return sometime tomorrow  
as I expected - I knew they would  
not return today.

September 26, 1971 - Sunday

The Sunday flea market at 26th & Ave  
of the Americas - how unlike me to want  
to go! - 5 sterling spoons for only \$11 -  
No silver seller annoyed me - nevertheless  
his wares recommended themselves -  
Sheryl got a velvet shell and a  
hall tree (#4); we then located  
the main store of the Salvation Army -  
next thing is to get there when it's  
open; we came back here to 336 and  
Joel & Calvin were here - laden with  
goodies and most enthusiastic -  
I polished my new silver and  
we went over to the Symposium on  
113th - good food - disgusting owner -



I got Claustrophobia in the restaurant - apparently I was intimidated by the whole scene - young "College" crowd; they seemed life-magazine like; When we returned to 336 C, I & I talked about life styles and attitudes - very enjoyable. Tomorrow I am going to give the business world another try - I'd like to have some options before I decide on a job - I really

think I need a job in order to get some writing done - Since I feel that way I imagine that there is nothing to do but give it a try.

September 27, 1971 - Monday  
Cop-out; where has confidence gone to on my part; today was one of those days (too frequent as of late) where I can't seem to muster up too much self-confidence; maybe it will be better tomorrow when I find out about the Unaf job - notwithstanding I did manage to get some thoughts on the dissertation onto paper - Actually it is a rather respectable first draft for me; it will take re-working but



the proverbial bridge has been crossed;  
I hope this is the impetus I have been  
looking so desperately for; Colin & I  
"organized" today; he painted purloined  
milk cans & the toilet seat & I  
painted a tea pot purloined from the  
garbage at 33¢. Most successful;  
we managed to "bungle" rather well  
in the bathroom - two unsightly  
holes in the wall & the shelf still  
not up; C & I "pastered" the walls  
of the bedroom; Cornish hens &  
Chinese vegetables for dinner -  
rather good - Sheyl dropped  
in around 7:30 because the  
preview of Jesus Christ Superstar was  
cancelled because the running in  
the Broadway theatre couldn't  
handle the production; Ben Steen  
arrives tomorrow night for dinner;  
I wonder how Earl is - I hope  
he received my letter; perhaps I  
should call him.

September 28, 1971 - Tuesday  
Wednesday - I was to meet Sheyl  
for lunch - arrived at the American  
Management Co at 11:50 & smoked  
a cigarette and then fainted - cut  
my eye - there were around 15



passers-by who watched me faint -  
several assisted me into the building -  
they were really together people - got me  
water & offered to call a doctor & ambulance;  
Happily I recovered. very quickly  
too; I can't really imagine why I  
fainted - I think it was a reaction  
to extreme nerves about job & the  
excitement of going "down town" -  
Given the circumstances, the trip was  
abarture; After lunch I went  
to the NY Public Library after I  
bought the papers - three jobs  
seemed to recommend themselves -  
tomorrow I will make inquiries;  
Provisional arrangements have been  
made for my job at UNICEF - I  
have to return on Thursday;  
Sheryl stopped over on her way to  
Columbia to register to see yd were  
O.K.; Very thoughtful of her.  
When I left the library I took  
the train - Nothing happened  
of note; returned here only to find  
that Ben Stein would not appear  
today; It's a good thing I hadn't  
planned dinner; Earl wrote -  
delighted to hear from him -  
I'll probably go to Washington in  
two weeks.



September 29, 1971 - Wednesday

I am not sure whether the word is crazy or delightful but it has been a day! I met Sheryl at the Whitney Museum at 2 PM and we went to the Hopper Show therein - lovely - I particularly reveled in the water-colors - I noted the particular watercolors somewhere - at the moment I can't find it; the oils were glorious but the watercolors won me over; there was also a show, 19th + 20th C. American prints - naturally I thought that the one I made recently showed up among them. At 4 PM we saw the film at the Whitney - "Mardenstone" by Norman Mailer - an incredible super-egotist - the film, notwithstanding, was good - even tho it is an old fashioned idea to make a film about making a film; Sheryl + I took the wrong train and ended up at Queensboro Plaza instead of Times Square. - no more enlightening train excursion; I'll learn them all yet; I made Chili + we had it over spaghetti - good idea - Calvin went to bed early and Joel + I talked



about "Boward & Planchet and what  
might rattle the structure of the  
novel" with respect to 336 Rsd;  
Boward — deeply troubled;  
this must be discussed — soon  
& in more detail; Tomorrow  
I will hopefully reap the first  
benefits of my job inquiries —

September 30, 1971 — Thursday  
NY Public Library — inquiries zero; deMain;  
Dissertation decisions must be made —  
the whole century or Zola — my  
present inclinations seem to lead  
Howard Zola; final arrangements  
have been made for my job at  
the United States Commission for  
Unicef — things should move  
into high gear next week — I'm  
anxious and excited about the  
prospect; rather calm evening at  
336 — Calvin went to class  
at 6 + Joel + I listened to music —  
It has been a while since I have  
heard Brahms #1 — Magnificent.  
I seem to have already forgotten  
about last night's rape — mugging  
attempt in the building — another  
instance of my blotting!



October 1, 1971 - Friday

October 2, 1971 - Saturday

These two days seem to have blended themselves into a non-descript blur - with one very notable exception - the Metropolitan Opera on Friday night - Car/Pag. The former was superb - with respect to the latter, unfortunately Caris could have been better; Tonio made the day (Sherill Milnes) - Carlo Bergonzi (T. Widdow) was excellent. Calvin joined Joel & I since Sherill seems to have a bladder infection. It was an excellent intro for Calvin who had never seen an opera. CJ decided that we ought to return to 336 in a cab since it would only be 50 cents more/person than by train - I was reticent; Fri & Saturday were academic - Arrived at the NY Public Library before 11 and left at 3 each day - uneventful - the introduction is proceeding along at a steady pace - Today the thought occurred to me that I would like to have the introduction completed by the end of this month - I wonder if I can do it? Actually I know I can do it if I can get myself into a schedule fall.



Tonight was nostalgia night —  
Joel & Calvin expounded on the "Tired  
Era" — or — "How to be a Clothes  
freak". Brooks brother was at that  
time the oracle; Somehow I  
always get annoyed when Calvin &  
Joel discuss their desire for great  
wealth — I don't know why that  
should bother me so — nevertheless  
it does; Perhaps it was just one of  
those days when I feel annoyed  
at just about everything — Surely  
it will pass; My picture from  
Swington; Ellen's departure;  
Jay & Nanie's departure; the feast  
of San Gennaro came back — most  
pleased. I must have some  
Copies made and sent off to Jay &  
Nanie. I really ought to write  
them a letter soon.

October 3, 1971 — Sunday  
New York Art & Antique Flea market —  
2 sterling silver tablespoons —  
Stewart <sup>(Sheryl's father)</sup> & Randy joined Sheryl & I —  
Sheryl bought another item of  
apparel that seemed out of the  
30's — We had dinner here (33¢),  
and then went to the Italia



at 90th and Broadway to see two Garbo films - Camille and Anna Karenina.  
utterly fantastic - Garbo was  
+ is more than I had imagined -  
magnificent woman - like a huge  
purring cat half-asleep yet  
potentially dangerous to herself  
+ no one else; As Anna Karenina  
I thought she was good but  
not as good as in Camille + Grand  
Hôtel; Garbo's mother (Prudence)  
who also played Aunt Pittypat  
in Four with the Wind, is a superb  
actress altho she might well just  
simply be herself; Tomorrow  
I enter the world of the 9-5'ers  
at the U.S. Commission for Unicef -  
the streets of this incredible city  
are, if the word works, fertile -  
multitudes of people all playing  
the same game - love it.

October 4, 1971 - Monday  
To say that my job as a "production  
typist" at Unicef is repetitive would be  
lies - I typed the same thing  
(with small variations) 160 times  
today; the office seems congenial  
enough - It's the work that may  
get me down - I shall simply



have to force myself not to think at all from 9-5 and it will perhaps work out ok; I got off to a rather delayed start this AM — I apparently shut off the alarm & got up over 1/2 hr late — nonetheless, I made it to work a l'heure; the subway still frustrate the hell out of me — tomorrow I shall try and work during my lunch hour on my dissertation — it may be a good way to get myself well into Chapter one & get it done with; Charles Chaplin's Gold Rush (silent) was on the television screen — when I saw him I immediately thought of Lucile Ball; Calvin participated in my mighty Clean Up detail; I have a feeling Joel thinks I'm annoyed with him — actually I'm not.

October 5, 1971 — Tuesday.  
The U.S. Commission for Unsub. seems to be in proper perspective at the moment — I managed to be quite free within the structures of a well entrenched bureaucracy — the bitch who sits in front of me really is on a trip all her own — as yet we have not exchanged a single



word; after work I went to  
Sheryl's for dinner; Joel & Calvin  
cancelled out — fatigue & academic;  
When I arrived Sheryl was weeping  
about Wayne the painter. I momentarily  
thought it was because Joel & Calvin  
were no-shows; happily it was  
about her former lover; When I  
got back there at 336 I've started  
talking about psychiatry —  
Joel & Calvin definitely pro; me — Con;  
I don't seem to share their opinion —  
perhaps it stems from my overwhelming  
desire not to be dependent on other  
people in restructuring ways; We had  
a marvellous (a rather odd choice of  
words) discussion about the matter;  
During lunch today I had a  
rather productive writing session on  
my dissertation intro; I also learned  
that Sally G. is in town — a  
meeting must be arranged.

October 6, 1971 — Wednesday  
Due to the rapidity of the 7th Avenue  
Express train I arrived at work over  
1 1/2 hr early — Surely that must  
not happen again; Nothing particularly  
outstanding about work today —  
except lunch — I called Sally G. —



we were going to have dinner tonight  
but she had to cancel because of some  
babysitting - We will meet tomorrow  
night - Unfortunately I have a  
ticket for fellies at the Metropolitan -  
actually I should not say "unfortunately" -  
I'm delighted - It's the first  
performance of the season tickets that  
I will have. Hopefully fully &  
I can get together for an hour  
or so before the opera - To say  
that it was fantastic to talk to  
her again would be states - I'm  
curious to see what she looks like  
now - I don't think my  
feelings about her have ever been  
resolved - This reunion could be  
memorable. I must write to  
Earl tomorrow - I must call  
home on Friday - I must also  
begin planning for the weekend  
when Bill & Chris will be here -  
the next few days could be rather  
hectic; Sheryl joined us for dinner  
tonight - broiled chicken, onion gravy  
and dumplings (which turned out  
very well) - Today I wrote  
more of the introduction to the  
dissertation - I'm feeling rather  
good about the progress of my writing.



October 7, 1971 - Thursday

Today would have to be called "plus  
ou moins manqué" - work seemed  
to drag on - say - the crisis is  
when the fat Brooklyn-sounding  
jewess who sits in front of me made  
several major errors in the forms -  
much ado about nothing; I couldn't  
get in touch with Sally b entrée 1 & 2 -  
nor could I entrée 5 & 6; I even  
went to 444 EP7 - nothing;  
apparently something came up;

Fidelio at the Metropolitan was  
very well sung - it is unfortunate  
that the opera is so bad - it might  
have been more enjoyable; the  
whole opera reminded me of a  
Beethoven symphony that was staged;  
the music sounds like Mozart;  
Act 2 seemed to save the performance  
I managed to dash off a letter to  
Earl while I worked today -  
I won't be able to go to DC on  
the 16th - but will be able to  
go to New Hampshire at the  
end of the month; Tomorrow  
the preparations for Billy & Chris's  
arrival must begin in earnest.  
It should be quite a gastronomic  
week-end.



October 8, 1971 - Friday  
October 9, 1971 - Sat. Oct 10 - 1971 - Sunday  
A sudden blurring events - notably  
because Bill & Chris Farhood arrived in  
town for the weekend; Their arrival on  
Friday Night found me in the midst  
of making cream puffs - Joel Calvin  
returned shortly after Bill & Chris arrived,  
of B+C had gone to a film at Barnard -  
their real reasons were female milieus;  
When the Creampuff (12) were  
prepared we promptly devoured them all;  
On Saturday we went to the Statue  
of Liberty - exhilarating but the  
ascent of the statue itself was  
somewhat disappointing and a  
bit scary; Calvin & I went all  
the way to the top; When we  
returned to Manhattan we went  
to the airport (JFK) to see  
Calvin's parents off for Spain;  
most enjoyable seeing them  
again; While we were at the  
airport we ran into Laurie  
White - how about that for  
a strange coincidence - naturally  
we were all a bit stunned -  
Laurie seemed to be very much  
herself - i.e. - in control; She  
immediately began to thank



how jealous Ellen would be;  
The next project was to find a  
restaurant in Sheep's Head Bay in  
Brooklyn called Sunday's —  
I think I would rather live  
in Plana than in Brooklyn — most  
disgusting altho the restaurant  
was like a nautical version of  
Mama Leone's; Calvin's drinking  
made me nervous; Sunday was  
relaxing — I cooked Camembert  
+ Creme bavarois au cafe-brulot  
+ made aperogs with proscutto +  
mozzarella — I was delighted;  
On Sat morning we had quiches  
lorraines; Bill + Chris were  
marvelous guests — most  
responsive + enthusiastic; On  
Sunday night we went to see  
"Sunday Bloody Sunday" on the  
East Side — a superb film +  
one that requires more thought;

Monday - October 11, 1971 —  
I left early for work — Bill +  
Chris + C + J were still a la  
maison; Nothing extraordinary  
at work save the fact that  
Jerry (my supervisor) seemed  
to tolerate the disgusting



bitch that sits in front of me — I must admit that I took a good deal of pleasure from the incident. I suppose I should say that the incident afforded me much pleasure. Rudolph Valentino's 'The Son of the Sheik' is on tonight — It is from this film that comes the poster on the kitchen walls — I have wanted to see the film for a long time; Sally & I leave for Spain tonight — She seemed charmed when I spoke with her today — which, I suppose, is natural. She is going for 2 weeks with her grandmother + an Aunt.

Tomorrow is pay day — I feel in writing the preceding sentence like one of the murderers in 'Germinal' — which of course makes me think of my dissertation <sup>upon</sup> which I must presently work.

Tuesday — October 12, 1971 —

Wednesday — October 13, 1971

Tuesday was payday at Unicef — this is the worst paying job I have ever had — I cleared \$74.28 for 35 hrs



of work - I suppose I could get depressed  
about it if I allowed myself to.  
I will be able to live until the  
1st of the year without touching my  
savings account - very good -  
Actually I don't really mind the  
going to work & all - I must  
admit that I am a clock watcher,  
however. I was very pissed off  
when I returned here after work -  
Joel was in a good mood and I  
soon got over whatever was bothering  
me; Calvin had left. 7 lights  
on when he left - he is now  
over-compensating by carrying a  
candle with him as opposed to  
turning on a light - we've  
each made our point; Wednesday  
was routine - that disgusting  
bitch who sits in front of me  
at work seems to get more  
disgusting by the day; I am  
frantically working on the  
first chapter of my dissertation  
now - I can't seem to get  
the necessary momentum to  
get over the hump; I called  
Earl last night & he depressed  
me; He seemed to think I  
was wretched for not going



to Washington this week-end —  
I have made plans to go to Penna  
I see the autumn foliage; I can  
hardly wait; Calvin seems to be  
most annoyed by most everything  
especially Sheryl & in some ways  
they are very much alike;

Thursday - October 14, 1971 —  
Fri, Sat, Sunday - Oct 17, 1971  
Work, needless to say, was routine on  
Thursday; on Fri all I did was  
think about going to Carbondale —  
on Thursday night I went to see  
"Bananas" at Calumet with Joel —  
very very funny; the Calumet  
audience seemed young; I went by  
Short Line and arrived in Carbondale  
at 9 PM on Friday — mom picked me up;  
Cornish hen snack — I overate; Mom,  
Dad and I "chatted" — a bit  
superficial and strange; I showed  
them my newest silver which they  
seemed to enjoy — 7 of the pieces I  
that I bought at the Flea Market  
in New York are from the period  
1831-51; it was rather strange  
but on Friday night I began to  
feel that the weekend was  
going to be a short one — it was



Saturday I spend mostly with Russ,  
Aunt & family inasmuch as Mom  
was busy & Dad was at Tokeland -  
Robert the Mad Photographer did  
his thing again - hopefully with  
some measure of success; I think I  
will give Russell and his family  
enlarged pictures of themselves for  
Christmas - at any rate the  
idea strikes me as good at the  
moment; the valley at home  
is now, as it was so often  
when we were growing up, once  
again spectacularly beautiful -  
Autumn in that valley has to  
be seen to be believed; I'm most  
anxious about seeing my own  
pictures; Russell & Dad have  
finished 5 more holes for the  
new golf course - It should be  
lovely; Cousin Peg stopped by  
at the Homestead and we  
chatted - I followed her to  
Carbondale in order to buy  
material to decorate my coat &  
dye as well; The coat is a  
smashing success - I went  
to Jernign to pick up some fresh  
parsely that Peg is now growing  
and stayed for dinner -



good talk with Aunt Louise & Peg -  
one problem - while I was  
eating dinner in Germyn Mom was  
waiting dinner at the Homestead -  
I didn't want to hurt anyone's  
feelings and don't think I did;  
Mom prepared a bountiful Thanksgiving  
type dinner - Roast pork;  
naturally I over-ate; Strangely  
Mom seemed to think we all didn't  
appreciate her effort - I think she  
is very much pre-occupied with  
Don (who finally wrote a letter  
that was almost illegible and  
typically Don in content - I believe  
I will write him). "All in the  
family" seems to be a bit success  
at home - we all watched & laughed  
together; Later on Saturday as I  
was decorating my coat (I  
sewed on velvet) I watched two  
movies - the first a western was  
OK - the second was superb  
"Woman in a dressing gown" -  
English (1957) with Yvonne  
Mitchell (army) and Anthony  
Quayle (jumbo). I had seen  
the film before and enjoyed  
seeing it again - On Sunday  
morning I continued photographing.



Autumn in Penna; the Ball Hill  
Road was outstanding (as it  
was the day Russell & Ann  
got married). I got the 4:30  
bus from Carbondale for NYC.  
A rather pleasant ride but  
I got restless towards the end -  
I felt superior to most everyone  
on the bus - particularly to  
the two people on my right  
who uttered the words "hassle"  
and "rap". When I returned  
to the apartment I found a  
letter from Jay & Napue -  
delighted to get it; Joel & Calvin  
were out - probably a movie.  
On Friday I tipped out the following  
while working: the woman who sits  
in front of me at work (M.S.  
Committee for Unicef) looks like  
she ought to be either giving  
or receiving Cha-Cha lessons  
aboard a cruise ship in the  
Caribbean... then again, she  
would make a perfect "Central  
Casting" scavenger at a  
bar mitzvah in Brooklyn; on the  
other hand she might be a  
very effective repulsive Aunt  
from out of town who has



deigned to step outside of her  
usually dreary nothingness in  
order to find fault with every  
creature and object on this side  
of Saturn!"

Monday - October 18, 1971  
Frustration, frustration, frustration!  
All day long I tried to get a good  
opening sentence for my revised  
version of Chapter one. I know it  
will come, but when? I am trying  
to synthesize an enormous amount  
of material - How delighted I  
will be to get "into" the thing.

On my way home from work I  
stopped at the Metropolitan Opera &  
got tickets for Tosca with T. Balli  
& Domingo. - Lovely! I was  
feeling rather good all day about  
my newly decorated coat -  
The name for the day at Uncle  
is "Aphela B. Egypt" - She brought  
some Christmas Cards & made  
a donation - I typed the receipt -  
She lives on Alabama Avenue in  
Washington, D.C. Joel & Calvin  
watched "Lutalame" - I couldn't  
get interested in watching it.



Tuesday - October 19, 1971  
very productive day of writing - I  
seem to have made some headway  
with the introduction to thesis; It  
will require some re-working but the  
initial statement seems good.  
I wrote rather productively while  
working at Unicef and tonight  
as well; I wrote while listening  
to Mahler's 3rd symphony (Sally).  
Tomorrow I will probably have  
to work overtime - Joel's new  
friend Denise seems to be the  
subject of the day - I'll meet  
her tomorrow night when  
she, Joel & Sheryl return from the  
same class & we will have  
dinner - probably at the Syrian  
place at 107+08 + Broadway. I  
got my meager pitance from  
Unicef & sent it off to the bank -

Wednesday - Oct 20; Thurs - Oct 21 -  
Nothing seems to stand out; On Wed  
I worked one hour overtime and  
met Joel, Calvin, Sheryl & Denise  
(Joel's new amour) at the  
Syrian Restaurant on Broadway  
between 107+8th - rather good &  
very reasonable; Denise seems



to be playing the supercog role —  
I'm not exactly sure what that  
means but nevertheless that is my  
reaction — Maybe she seems to be  
up tight; then again taking 5  
courses at Columbia could have  
something to do with it; Hopefully  
I will get to know her better soon;  
After dinner I began decorating  
my great coat — with the  
bright orange crushed velvet.  
It should be superb; I also  
worked on it on Thursday night —  
Thursday night (last night)  
Jill took a translation test at  
some agency on 5th Avenue —  
Jill, Calvin & I had dinner down-  
town at some gourmet delicatessen  
on 47th Street near 5th Avenue —  
Calvin & I took the train back to  
106th Street and I continued  
decorating my great coat —  
Calvin returned from his film  
course with a friend called  
Stewart who seems to have a  
hyperbolic complex; He seemed  
very interesting but I had  
the feeling he was trying too hard  
to impress us; Calvin seemed to  
be in a trance — Here again,



I'm not sure what I mean by all that; Stewart was singing  
incomprehensibly over the Bay Area in  
California and maybe that was  
why Calvin seemed so ecstatic —  
i.e. he <sup>(Stewart)</sup> was down on NYC  
simplicity & that pleased Calvin.  
Calvin will leave for the  
"Country" on Friday afternoon  
with his super rich relatives  
from Park Avenue — I can  
understand his excitement  
but actually I would prefer  
staying in NYC this weekend.

Friday, October 22, 1971 —  
At work Sonia (the "bitch")  
announced she was quitting;  
we chatted when she came  
back from lunch and while  
Norma was at lunch —  
Sonia is not really a bitch —  
Hopefully she doesn't think  
I am a disgusting hippy  
anymore either; She is  
really only a Jewish "Country"  
from Queens and not a bitch;  
And I enjoyed our conversation  
immensely at lunch; I  
said some things to her



about Jerry Pennik (the <sup>so-called</sup> big boss)  
that she wanted to hear; I  
don't really dislike him as  
much as I might have implied;  
in fact I think he is probably  
a very interesting guy;  
after my chat with Sonia  
I left for lunch after already  
having taken a 45 min break  
with Sonia — we chatted about  
my educational background &  
she knows about my dissertation  
and she now says that I am  
"very intelligent". The evening  
was very tranquil — Joel and I  
talked at some length about  
Calvin and ourselves; He seems so  
distracted about everything —  
being in NYC; being in general studies;  
being short on money — above all —  
our upstairs neighbor who seems  
to have heavy feet; Calvin is never  
comfortable — either too hot or cold  
or something is wrong; Calvin  
apparently, with respect to me,  
is confusing kindness with a  
martyr complex which he seems  
to think I have.



Saturday - Oct 23, 1971

The day began with a delightful 8 hours of sleep; the first time in a long time; Barbara Streisand's newest album set a tone for the day - it's the album "Barbara Joan Streisand" - fantastic album - I think I'll buy a copy for Earl and take it with me to New Hampshire next weekend -

Hopefully he hasn't purchased it yet; I had a very interesting trip to the laundry up by the Mexican restaurant & I enjoyed it a great deal but haven't the slightest reason why I even felt good doing my laundry in this city - Nothing for sure, I never thought 10 yrs ago that I would be doing laundry in a laundromat on upper Broadway on a Saturday afternoon. Not all sounds rather weird; Joel & I had dinner and then watched Lolita with James Mason & Shelley Long and Joe Lyons. The first two were very good, Lyons didn't do much for me - At 3 AM I went to bed knowing I could get a good long rest.



Sunday, October 24, 1971  
got up at noon; rainy Sunday —  
lowkey; lazy AM, Sheryl  
Arrived at around 2 and she  
+ I went to the West End for a  
beer; I love the idea of going  
to a bar on Sunday afternoon —  
Surtout grand et pleut. We  
bought some food on the way  
back and had dinner —  
Calvin was back from the  
Country and joined us for dinner —  
He didn't seem to want to talk  
about it as much as I expected he  
would; He wanted to go to a movie  
but none else seemed up for the  
idea + so we looked at Joel's +  
Calvin's slides of Europe from last  
summer — Sheryl then left  
and unfortunately her battery  
was dead — Over 12 hrs later  
the AAA arrived and she was on  
her way — Calvin waited with  
her in the car out front +  
apparently they had a good chat —  
Before going to bed we had pain  
d'épice with Crème pâtissière —  
Tomorrow I must get back  
to work on my dissertation after  
my week-end of relaxation.



Monday - October 25, 1971

I have the feeling that the day was most complete & I worked at Univ. (all morning long & combatted fatigue) I tried to get in touch with Sally during lunch but to no avail & she begins again work tomorrow. When I got back from work I decided that I would go to the Columbia Library - very productive - the atmosphere of the place was just what I needed to get me going. I did 5 pages but I will have to revise them - at least the initial effort is done; our phone was installed today - unfortunately we do not yet know the number - tomorrow's mail, in that respect, ought to be productive. - maybe my slides from Pennsylvania will come back? I wrote a funny letter to Jay & Name & thought of them later this evening - they are good people - we have a lot in common & had much fun at Oswego - I have a feeling our paths will cross again. The thought is exhilarating.



Tuesday - October 26, 1971  
work, not surprisingly, was routine.  
I met Sally at lunch (130) -  
It seems that many years have come  
between us - the encounter struck  
me as distant and we almost ran  
out of things to say. Perhaps I'm  
over-reacting - She was very  
much herself - sophisticated and  
well in control of the situation -  
She seemed to look at me as though  
we had never met - I wonder  
if my appearance turned her off;  
For some reason (perhaps it was  
Sally) I shaved off my beard  
tonight and am most pleased to  
see my face again - Actually I  
look better without it. Again I  
went to the Columbia University  
Library and got a significant  
amount of revision done - I  
arrived around 9 and by 1030  
I was ready to leave - I think  
I made some important decisions  
about the dissertation - Soon I  
will be able to type it up.

Pay day again - the one good thing  
about my job at Unccf is that I  
get paid every Tuesday. This check  
will finance my trip to New Hampshire



Wednesday - October 27, 1971  
Ephraim (Sp) day - Joel called me  
at work to tell me that my boat had  
come in with reference to the mail box.  
My slide from Penna came back.  
And I was very pleased - strangely  
enough I didn't get many good pictures  
of Laurie - April & Tom - yes, I will  
have enlargements made and give  
them to them for Christmas -  
that strikes me as a very good  
idea; post card from Sally,  
also Santa Lopez also arrived -  
she was in Spain for two weeks  
with her grandmother & Aunt;  
Long letter from Ellen also -  
she is getting settled in Paris - her  
letter implied that she was hungry  
for mail or (is it male)? I was  
counting the minutes at work -  
I could not wait to see my  
slides - I was not disappointed;  
We had dinner at the Syrian  
place on Broadway & 107 - Cheap  
& good - I had falafel sandwich.  
Spinach pie - the former was  
good; We (Joel, Cheryl & I)  
then went to the Elgin (18th & 8th Ave)  
to see two Jean Renoir films -  
"la règle du jeu" & "Grand Illusion"



Both were superb - surtout le  
premier. Both had the same theme -  
the end of an era - Aristocracy.  
No old Colonel or general in  
"La Repte du jeu" kept on saying -  
"Voilà un aristocrate - ça devient  
rare"; Marvellous line; at  
work I typed a thing ordered  
by a one Helen Hayes from Los  
Angeles - I asked Norma if H.H.  
was still alive - she replied  
that she was 2 yrs younger than  
herself and that they were friends.  
Both of them appeared on Broadway  
together "years ago" & Norma  
said she hasn't seen "Helen" in a  
few years - I found the  
whole thing rather marvellous;  
Norma, notwithstanding her  
present weight, was probably  
a dancer - she wears  
pins & jewelry with dancers  
on them; I must find out  
more of the details; Two of  
the crazy names that I typed  
yesterday were: Morris Fishbone  
Growth, Ch; & Giuseppe Dragonetti  
from Chicago; a Mrs Kate Cohen  
insists that Basement follow her  
Bronx address - Can you



Imagine how wretched it would  
be to spend your life in a basement  
in Bronx. No work of any  
consequence was done on my  
dissertation today - going to  
see the films and talking with  
Sally pretty well shot that.  
Hopefully I will be able to  
work on the train to Boston on  
Friday morning.

Monday - Oct 28, 1971

Work was not surprisingly, routine.  
After work Joel & I went to the  
Metropolitan Opera (Ser Freischütz)  
Pilar Lorengar & Sandor Konya  
were very good; neither Joel  
nor I could manage such an  
esoteric thing as aesthetic distance.  
Neither of us took it very seriously.  
Nonetheless we thoroughly  
enjoyed ourselves and naturally  
it was great fun to be at the  
Metropolitan again.

Friday - Oct 29, 1971

I was a no-show at work. I  
got the 9:30 train from Penn  
Station for Boston - the train  
was marked Express but took



over 4 four hours - though they  
were pleasant hours. I couldn't  
recall having taken such a ride  
in this country before - The  
autumnal foliage pleased me a  
great deal. As we headed north  
along the Atlantic Coast. I  
was met in Boston's South  
Station by Earl & Mrs Noelte -  
delightful; we headed up the  
Coast and stopped for lunch -  
I had a gigantic lunch at some  
oyster house for \$1.50 - we  
then went over to Hampton Beach  
and walked a bit - The  
Coast of New Hampshire is really  
lovely - It was après la  
saison so there were very few  
people around. We then went  
to Jane's house - very  
pleasant - dinner - talked  
with Jim & then off to Tilton -  
on Lakesquon - Charlie -  
much conversation and then  
off to bed; Mr Noelte seemed  
to think I was not very  
rational because I asked  
Earl to pick me up in Boston -  
Earl was the subject of  
"Group enlightenment" about



What Daylight Savings time meant —  
the "enlightenment" continued  
throughout the weekend.

Saturday, October 30, 1971 —  
immensely pleasant day —  
we didn't go to the Dartmouth  
Yale game, but instead stayed  
near Tilton — I took many  
pictures of the Naeltles before  
Bruce, Bill & Sharon went to  
the Dartmouth game; Mrs  
Mrs Naeltle, Earl & I had  
dinner at a Chinese restaurant  
near Tilton — quite good —  
and then went over to see  
Jane's new camp above the lake —  
very nicely located; the  
project then seemed to be a rather  
curious reception for a friend  
of Bill's (David) who just  
married a woman 16 yrs his  
senior; Earl and I stayed  
but 20 minutes & then went  
to the Horrells to see their  
slides of Finland — Mr Horrell  
made a whole show of it —  
he ruined the slide by not  
allowing for group comment —  
altho the slides were good —



The slide showing stopped around midnight and then we talked about just about everything until 3 AM — needless to say, we slept well.

Sunday, October 31, 1971 —  
Earl packed on the run this morning — ranch breakfast — eggs, beans, potatoes etc —  
Earl finished his packing late & we were a bit late in leaving for Boston — the farewells were not at all painful; Bill & Sharon, Earl & I drove to Logan airport where Earl & I took a Northeast flight to JFK in NYC — gray day on the ground — full sunlight in the sky — we arrived almost immediately at JFK and walked to Swissair —  
Earl's flight was cancelled — switched to a flight to Zurich — bags checked, sandwich in a wretched snack bar at the airport — we waited in the Swissair lounge and chatted and people watched — crazy, wonderful people;



It was marvelous to see Earl again  
and I hope his 4 months in the  
USA were pleasant as he expected  
they surely were — his Joe &  
wife would take care of that —  
His visit to Washington was  
apparently tumultuous — Bill &  
Jan's marriage is breaking  
up; Mary Sitty is having  
breakdowns (nervous & physical)  
Earl was caught in the middle  
of it all; Every time I go to  
an airport I get Europe fever —  
maybe in the Spring; Earl &  
I calmly said "à bientôt" and  
I left for downtown — I was  
tired and maybe that is why  
I didn't get as excited as I  
thought I would — maybe  
it was because I knew I would  
have to take the bus back to  
downtown & all that —  
Arrived home & Calvin & Joel  
were out; they had gone to see  
"Le Souffle au coeur" at the Little Carnegie  
On their way home there was an  
unpleasant incident in the train —  
It seems that two Puerto Ricans  
began to taunt an unbranded  
black man — Happily the results



were only rhetorical; Calvin's weekend was apparently very tense - He watched a lot of television and got angry with Joel because of his ability to sit in bed for hours on end & not move; Calvin said to me that he could not live with Joel were it not for me; Joel has implied the same thing with reference to Calvin; It seems that our ménage à trois may fall apart - that surprises me a good deal.

Monday November 1, 1971

My return to New York on Monday morning was trying & tiring - I slept badly or not long enough - which comes down to about the same thing; The only word name for the day was a one Richard Bancroft from Winchester Va. When I returned to 336, Joel & Calvin seemed to be in superlative moods. It seems that Joel had spent the afternoon entertaining Denise from Staten Island - She asked him if she could stop by the apartment. She also called him later in the evening; She has apparently taken hold of the bait; Calvin's slides of his friend's Sara's country place came back - I think I was



expecting something different; Some  
of the slides were really out-  
standing — some profiles and some  
murder shots of Sarah's son, I  
prepared a huge meat pie for  
dinner — which I later in  
the evening finished off which  
explains my weighty guilt feelings;  
No Crisis, however, that can be  
corrected; Calom, will go to Plula  
for the weekend to visit his cousin;  
the weekend should be quiet;  
Tonight I was too tired to work  
on my dissertations not tired  
enough to fall asleep — rather  
distressing and most frustrating  
that is why I finished off the  
meat pie; Brahms' 3rd & 4th  
Symphonies and the 4th movement  
of Mahler's 2nd Symphony  
helped a good deal.

Tuesday — November 2, 1971  
Work was slightly interesting  
today; met some people in the  
telephone complaint department —  
rather friendly — perhaps we will  
have lunch; some of them  
even take the same train to work  
as I do; I didn't feel like cooking



Tonight so Joel & I (Calvin was dining with Sara et al on the East Side) went to the West End & then to the library at Columbia for a couple of hours. I was organizing chapter one of my dissertation. Joel was talking to Russ Pfohl on the phone at the library — they chatted for 45 min<sup>or so</sup>. When we got back here (after avoiding several panhandlers on Broadway) Calvin enthusiastically reported on his trip to Sara's house. He began buying chicken for dinner tomorrow — that struck me as being very organized. Denise may join us and naturally I will want her to be pleased. Three names struck me as weird at work today: Sidney Finger Eberon, NJ; Engalberg von Zitzewitz NYC; & Melva Zetz — Bairdport, Pa.

Wednesday, November 3, 1971  
Today was somewhat tight-knit — typing — telephone complaints — typing — telephone complaints; I have a feeling that the 2 sections will eventually, probably soon, merge; why not — And what difference does it make anyway, it all comes down to



the same thing when all is said & done; Christmas Cheer. So much for work; dinner was very pleasing - Chicken polynesian - a la Robert; Sheryl joined us and after Calum went to class we chatted about Shakespeare & I enjoyed it - Sheryl is so into the Shakespeare but I am such a rank amateur - It doesn't get me down at all - I didn't get much, if anything, done on my dissertation today - I am ready for the final re-write of chapter 1 and I suppose I am putting off the painful process by putting the words together. Joel & I will go to Scarsdale on Sat. to see Axel & spouse - Should be interesting & fun. I saw an add in the <sup>NY</sup> ~~Voie~~ for temp/typists at \$4/hr which seems phenomenal compared to my present stipend. I'll give them a call tomorrow.

1 Thursday, Nov 4, 1971 - At times I can honestly say that I am not very pleased with myself - One of the things I dislike in others



is indecision and I find myself  
quietly at that very thing; Somehow I  
make up my mind very easily &  
quickly but I am unable to  
implement my decision; or else I  
become inarticulate; Shall I continue  
to work at Unicef or shall I change  
positions? I don't want to type or have  
a telephone job — What I would  
really like is to be able to join the  
typing with the telephone; Some Calver  
went to his class on Thurs as usual  
Joel & I went to the West End for  
dinner; When I got home from work  
we chatted enthusiastically and  
for well over an hour about artistic  
and literary theories — I was  
glad to do so because I began to  
cement on my dissertation ideas;  
We had a marvellous time doing so  
I then went to dinner; Every 2 or 3  
weeks Joel & I get into one of those  
arts & letters talks — very enlightening  
and usually very productive —  
we continued after dinner  
and then I submerged myself  
in Brahms (all 4 symphonies) and  
wrote Birthday Cards to April Horn —  
I am apparently incapable of  
writing so that a Chud can

me  
pastime  
was not  
anywhere  
up to its  
usual  
level.  
most  
disappointing



understand what I am saying.  
Jill, Calvin & I laughed a good  
deal about my "Children's Cards".  
Calvin & I talked about Calvin's  
enemis mostly — very casual  
and gratifying. It was around  
130 when I began to get ready  
for bed; tomorrow will be  
tiring.

Friday - November 5, 1971  
Kend's is different; work seemed to  
pass very quickly however, perhaps  
because I didn't really begin doing  
anything until around 10 AM. I  
the train ride back home made me  
feel good; Jill & I had steak  
onions & Cheese sandwiches for dinner —  
I made them — very good.  
A very relaxing evening at home —  
we watched the Odd Couple at  
9:30 — Tony Randall was involved  
with an amateur production of  
Regolts — hilarious — Jack  
Klugman was Regolts & Tony  
Randall director — lovely, pedantic  
and very amusing. The Last  
Hurrah was on the 11:30 movie  
so Jill & I watched it — Spencer  
Tracy starred in it — the film



was OK only because of Tracy's presence.  
Saturday, November 6, 1971

Got up rather late; Joel & I went to  
Scarsdale to visit Alex & Lauren  
Friedman in the late afternoon and  
returned at 1:30 AM — I was  
very excited about the day trip —  
Scarsdale surprised me — it was  
smaller & more beautiful than  
I had anticipated. There is  
a marked predominance of  
Norman Architecture in Scarsdale —  
I love the feeling of buying a  
round trip ticket to NYC — I  
really live here. Alex & Lauren  
have a nice place — quite  
spacious; one of their friends  
(Sharon) was also invited over —  
It seems that she was at GW when  
Alex, Lauren & Joel were there —  
In addition, it seems that  
someone had arranged that I  
be a blind date for this same  
girl in 1968 — I can not  
recall ever having seen the  
girl before in my life — how  
curious — apparently Joel's  
friend Penny was the responsible



for arranging the blind date  
Sharon struck me in an increasingly  
negative way when I first met her  
at the opening, but on however  
I began to like her ok; She is on  
one of those trips — "wait till you  
have lived here for a while" —

That really turns me off — She  
makes herself out to be the New  
Yorker; — She lives at 138th &  
Broadway — She's probably crazy.  
Lauren seemed up — tight about  
dinner; it was "fondue bourgignonne" —  
the meat was not very well  
chosen and she expected us to  
eat the meat off the forks we  
cooked it on — powdered hot; —  
the sauces were bland —  
simply mayonnaise, ketchup &  
tatar sauce — Desert consisted  
of a frozen cherry pie — to say  
that the pie was average is  
to speak too highly of it; Axel  
made some good tea — Constant  
comment & Preming was blind —  
all in all a very pleasant  
evening; Joel was in a super  
mood — He got high on liquor  
and fell asleep after dinner —  
all evening long he was most



brilliant & thoroughly witty & well  
informed; a good conversation —  
Ariel & Fanny were understandably  
happy; we made the 12:46 train  
from Grand Central  
with about 20 seconds to spare —  
on the return trip we discussed the  
"affaire Kline" the trip from Ykt  
to 336 was sans incident —  
not a single panhandler even  
tho it was 1:30 on Sat night —  
around 3 AM when I got to bed.

Sunday — November 7, 1971

I got up at the scandalous hour of  
1:30 PM. Joel & I went over to my Deli  
on Broadway & bought lox & bread  
& orange juice & potato salad —  
superb breakfast — No afternoon  
was deliciously lazy — I listened  
to Messiah by Handel and enjoyed  
it immensely — Joel watched  
High Sierra about Bogart & Ida  
Lupino — it's a film about  
the "Ajax" of the criminal world —  
rather interesting — I watched  
the conclusion with Joel —  
before it ended Calvin returned  
Joel was, at most, icy to



Calvin - they hardly exchanged a word for the whole evening - I hope they don't start yelling at each other - of course, that is always possible but I don't think it will happen. Hopefully not, they probably would both say things that they would ultimately regret. I have a feeling that they are both sharpening their teeth in silence at the moment; I am going to stay out of the whole thing - for obvious reasons. Sheryl got herself a phone today. It seems weird that we should be able to call each other from our own apartments - I have been having trouble this weekend getting down to writing - perhaps I'll take off a few days this week and write Chapter 1 - Maybe Wednesday & Thursday. The people at the "Les Artistas" market at the corner of 107 & Broadway are very nice & polite - how rare & how nice to see.



Smoked only 6 cigarettes in  
17 hrs.

11 Monday - November 8, 1971.

The morning at work was frustrating -  
Someone had been tampering with my  
typewriter and the margins had all been  
all confused - It took the most of the  
morning to straighten it out. I have  
gotten very used to my own IBM  
electric and an alternate which  
I was using this AM was most  
unsatisfying & sluggish; Instead of  
writing at lunch I took a walk  
in the especially brisk November air -  
up to the UM -



The afternoon passed quickly and my train ride home was very pleasant. Joel had called me at work in mid-afternoon and was distraught about Calvin - Joel had even gone to the library in the afternoon to avoid Calvin. Apparently they haven't changed a word all day - let's hope they resolve their difference soon - Joel wouldn't eat at the table (rather good Chili) because Calvin was there. I made a rather good custard pie later in the evening.



11/9/71

Joel & Calvin's 1st enemy Gump's  
will our ménage be torn  
apart — When I returned  
from work (I had originally  
not planned to return until  
very late) the tension was  
almost unbearable — I  
brought the whole situation to  
a head — Calvin went stalking  
out & Joel & I went to the  
West End for dinner — When I  
say that I brought it all to a  
head I mean that I brought  
Joel & Calvin out of their corner  
in an attempt to resolve their  
differences — Joel went down  
town to see about a translating  
job & I went looking for Calvin —  
Surprisingly he was home —  
We talked for around 3 hrs —



I tried to prepare him for what  
I thought I would say later —  
Joel & Calvin talked very solemnly &  
rationally — Marvellous —  
11 years of friendship comes not  
be swept aside so easily — All  
3 of us are now cleared as to  
the rights of the others — Joel & I  
have no problem with each other's  
eccentricities — Calvin's ways  
are becoming more familiar —  
happily we are living in  
a state of harmony now —  
I thought it was all about to  
end; to bed, to bed.

Wednesday — November 10, 1971  
I seem to have forgotten how to  
spell November; Work was an  
8 1/2 hr trip all day long — I have  
been asked to do some "special  
typing" and am naturally  
feeling very good about it —  
I now type the overpayments  
letters — Super job! Yeah.  
DE-Cold; tomorrow may be an  
even bigger trip at work —  
I type some letters for Jerry's  
secretary; quick dinner tonight  
but very good — Steak, Cheese &



Onion sandwiches — Chocolate Cake —  
Super deetee special — Who  
Cares; I will meet Joel at the  
opera tomorrow night —  
Carmen — Should be fun —  
I think I can sing the whole  
opera by heart — Tonight  
I have been unable to work  
on my dissertation — too many  
other things on my mind —  
Fellas — la Chair est triste  
Et j'ai le tour de l'oreille —  
to work, to work — do it.

Thursday — November 11, 1971  
Still no writing this week; Cook  
became somewhat of an ego trip —  
I am becoming everyone's  
personal secretary — I keep getting  
things to type from every  
direction — I like it — it gives  
me a chance to show I am  
a skilled typist — am competent  
I tell; Carmen — during most  
of the performance Joel & I  
over-distanced the work —  
Notwithstanding — the last act  
was moving and the  
evening was thoroughly delightful  
Norma Corts (Carmen) — George



Gabriella Tuma

Shirley (Lori Jore) - The Area sung  
by Macaula at the beginning of the  
2nd Act was very well done  
indeed & she was enthusiastically  
applauded - On leaving the  
Opera hall I had to take the  
train first downtown to 42  
& then up to 106 - they are  
repairing the uptown local  
tracks entire 42 + 72; We took  
the 104 bus downtown to the  
Opera - completely different from  
the subway with reference to  
the passengers - the busses are  
filled with the middle & upper  
middle class whites who find  
the subway beneath them -  
lots of elderly women - who  
probably couldn't handle the  
train; One thing for certain -  
the bus people are completely  
different from the subway  
people.

Friday - November 12, 1971  
The day started out on a super  
high - Who knows why -  
I shaved and did a whole  
number on myself - Got  
to work and felt great -



Saturday - November 13, 1971  
got up late - And went to  
see Tosca at the Metropolitan  
Opera - It is the best performance  
of the season for me at the  
Met - Tosca was sung by  
Grace Bumbry & Marco  
Placido Domingo - both of  
whom are super stars -  
The Sacristan was similarly



Joely called at 1:30 PM. And Announced that she had been threatened by the United Mine Workers - we talked until 6:30 PM about everything imaginable. Very enjoyable and rewarding.

Supper (Fernando Corena) -  
absolutely as Scarpa was  
a bit disappointing - Compared  
to the other of the Cast at any rate -  
throughout most of Tessa I  
underestimated - The areas  
Recondita armonia: Versi d'arte  
E lucevan le stelle were splendidly  
performed & enthusiastically  
received; Calum went down  
to buy records today while  
Joel & I were at the Met -  
We met at 3:36 and had  
dinner & watched the end  
of the Came Hunting with Bogart -  
quite good. Very warm &  
comfortable feeling being  
at 3:36 tonight - We laughed  
a good bit - Joel read from  
"My Secret Life" and recounted  
stories from the "Owl of the Pussycat" -

Sunday - November 14, 1971  
Got off to a late start - nevertheless  
made it to Lincoln Center with Calum  
and I got tickets for Joel & I to  
Bernstein's 1000 people man with  
the NY Philharmonic - they will do  
Mahler's Symphony #2 - Arago  
& Verrett will sing - It should be



overwhelming - I know I'll never forget  
my first hearing of this symphony -  
We then went on to the Village &  
Calvin, Sheryl & I went to the  
Yanuk theatre on Bleeker to see  
How Voyager with Pette Davis -  
my 12th Davis film - What can  
I say - It was a unique  
experience - I was somehow  
convinced I would see Davis  
in the audience - We had  
dinner at Nathan's in the Village  
(which was super - people)  
And went back to Sheryl's for  
a bit before returning to 336.  
Wonderful day



11/15

Gold of Naples & 8 1/2 at the Olympia  
8 1/2 is a superb film about  
making a film or more  
generally about creation? art —  
"It is better to destroy than to  
create something which is  
non-essential".



11/16

13th Davis  
film  
I've  
seen

Beyond the Forest at the  
Yanuk with Bette Davis —  
Davis was marvellously herself  
as she overacted & overacted —  
This is the film which contains  
the bit about "What a dump" —  
Liz Taylor must have seen this  
film before she made Virginia Woolf.  
The similes are striking  
and not so subtle. When  
I came out of the theatre Sheryl  
was standing there waiting  
for me unexpectedly — we went  
to the Union at NYU where  
she was studying & had a few  
beers — eating & relaxing —  
there were nine viciously running  
about the place. Coffee at  
Sheryl's and then back to 336;  
good to see Joel & Calvin after  
not having spoken to them  
for a couple of days due only to  
our different schedules.



Wednesday - November 17, 1971  
Dick Cavett - 90 glorious minutes  
of Bette Davis; She is utterly  
magnificent in every way - She  
reminds me a bit of Hepburn -  
I am at a loss to describe my  
feeling about the show - What  
can I say - I overestimate nothing  
that deals with Bette Davis as  
most everyone who knows me knows  
I wouldn't have known the  
show was going to be on were it not  
for Cheryl reminding me; Cheryl  
Calver-Jail & I had dinner  
together - rather pleasant - in fact,  
very pleasant (real Raymond)



4/18/71 Uneventful,  
Only the fact that I was more or less  
forgot over by Jerry, Karen &  
Orana - they all wanted me to  
work for them - Naturally this  
was an ego thing for me -  
I wanted to remain with Norma -  
She was touched by my wanting  
to and I was touched she wanted  
me to stay; dinner was more or  
less a going away dinner for Calvin -  
he was going to Washington the  
next day and orchestrated the  
evening (somewhat) - notwithstanding  
the evening was pleasant -  
grilled lamb - salad etc -  
Exhausted, I went to bed

111 the whole day seemed to be misfired  
Friday - November 19, 1971 -  
I was in the mood and did a  
whole number on myself - Arrived  
at work in a state of anxiety  
and anticipation and as the  
day went on my sense of  
fulfillment diminished proportionately.



I went to see Mc Dammed  
& Boccaccio 70 — the former  
was heavy and difficult &  
at times boring — yet I  
have the feeling I was in the  
presence of what might be  
great if it weren't trying so hard  
to be just that — Boccaccio 70  
was amusing but not  
entirely successful — Anita  
Ekberg, Ron Schneider & Sophia  
Loren in tale like the Master —  
I returned to 336 at 12  
and very hausted went to bed —

Saturday — November — Nov 20 (1971)  
Slept until noon — off to store  
because Hel & Jaume were  
coming for dinner — Splendid  
fall day — While we were at  
the store I became aware that  
a Bette Davis film — Mc Corn is  
green was on — rather than  
see only part of it I missed it  
all — paupers, de launt, Asperger &  
prognosis, fraiser, chיתה,  
artichauts — very successful.  
Hel & Jaume seemed new



My dissertation hardly entered  
my mind all day long —  
my mea culpa & mea culpa

Pleased; we had a very pleasant  
evening — conversation ranged  
from food & travel to films &  
Jewishness — Joel & I can  
really handle the dinner  
party but very well — we  
have done it so many times  
that it is now a whole  
routine and a thoroughly  
delightful one at that —  
naturally I over-ate but  
loved doing so — Hopefully I  
can get a ticket to Tristan  
with Melsson tomorrow on  
my way to the village for  
the afternoon — It seems very  
tranquil here now that Calvin  
is in Washington — to be sure  
I don't mean that in a negative  
way — it's just that he is a  
hyperactive person & Joel & I are  
essentially passive.

Sunday — Nov 21, 1971  
a Belle Davis day — "The Private Lives  
of Elizabeth & Essex" at the  
Garrick on Bleeker Street —  
Davis was superlative —  
Errol Flynn was not her equal  
in this one — the theatre was

Got a ticket for  
Tristan with  
Melsson!



full of Dave fans and we all  
were applauding; Sheryl seemed  
to like the film; Before going to  
the film we went to a flea  
market in some church in the  
village - not so good but very  
pleasant surroundings - Sheryl  
bought an old shoe shine box  
for 25 cents; After the Dave  
film we had dinner at the  
West End - the past time was  
terrible & I was supremely  
disappointed - I went  
to bed feeling fat, guilty  
& lonely - that's quite a  
combination.



I wearing long winter  
coat to work and  
received many  
incomments

Work I went with full to after 11/22  
All the Thayer women with  
K. Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave,  
C. Gwyer & Irene Pappas -  
the first two were excellent -  
Shirley Redgrave - when  
Redgrave (Andromaque)

waited when she realizes her son  
will be killed & began to shake -  
immensely powerful scene which  
sums up all Greek tragedy -  
loved it. Hepburn was very  
powerful as the Mother (Hecuba) -  
and she didn't overact. Eurydice  
would be very proud of these films



4/23

Picked up my check after work —  
I wasn't docked for being late  
last week in arriving at work —  
I thought I would be; I  
came home & organized for  
my trip to Peru & then went  
down to Sheryl's for the evening —  
we talked and watched  
television — I am now out of town  
tomorrow and hope the



Consequences will be rewarding —  
I am more concerned with  
staying here in NYC than going to Pa  
for Thanksgiving — although I  
imagine that I will get all  
excited when my bus pulls into  
Carbondale Pa — the question  
is now — when will I return to  
NYC — I'll probably make that  
decision at lunch tomorrow —  
I wonder what Sally is up  
to recently: I have now  
decided that my dissertation  
will be finished by May of  
1972 & 5 vigorous months  
of work (Jan — May) ought  
to do it and I will not have  
to work either — Robert —  
do it & get it over with &  
relax.



11/24

the course of the afternoon, I made a  
decision which, as the hours presently  
drag on, seems to have been a  
Colossal mistake; I got the 6 PM-  
bus from the Port of New York  
authority and was getting into  
the idea of hanksgiving in Penna-  
sylvania



Unhappily the snow of the forerunners  
caused a slight alteration of plans —  
I am currently sitting in the Borough  
Freight house in Milford (?) Penna.  
awaiting the clearance of the roads —  
3 <sup>inches of</sup> snow on the ground — it is a  
shame that the snow should come  
under such unpropitious conditions —  
I expect that I would enjoy it  
much more were the circumstances  
better — The absolute irony of this  
whole scene is the fact that I  
could be in New York now —  
instead I am surrounded by  
curious people — Naturally the  
"organizers" are here — making  
cappell and being cheerful — then  
there are the "social directors" —  
serving "their" liquor & wine  
for all — It would be OK soup  
that it all seems about as  
sincere (perhaps it is <sup>and</sup> in a strangely  
pleasant sort of way) as a  
protestant wedding reception  
in a small town in the middle  
west. Mothers carefully guard  
their children & a man whose  
voice I recall from the last time.  
I took this bus (how strange  
that I should recall a voice from



my bus trip home about a month ago) continues to speak in a voice that is just a bit too loud and entirely too self righteous — It seems, in a weird sort of way, that there is an absurd play in rough form around me now in this happy arena. Doubtless I will be exhausted tomorrow since it seems that will be here for much of the night — I don't think I really am ready for all this — I don't know why other than the fact that I would rather be in NYC or in Carbondale (which is easily understandable I suppose). Midnight — a fat, garrulous, loud woman over in the corner just verbalized the fact that she is from Brooklyn — Such a surprise — She could only be from Brooklyn — Unamplified her voice could give Demosthenes an inferiority complex — I don't really think that the adjective stentorian is appropriate for a woman's voice — nonetheless it seems to be an appropriate adjective to describe her voice.



Monday - November 25, 1971  
Thanksgiving. I not exactly  
sure where this day begins and  
yesterday ended. As I write  
this (3:30 PM) I am going on  
my 18th hour in the Guilford  
Freehouse - how positively  
lucid - all last night I sat  
up and talked with some people  
from Lake Umbagog Park about  
Costa Rica, Portugal and etc. -  
Garbo + Davis as well; very  
interesting and it made the  
evening pass quickly - however  
as dawn approached this day  
I had the distinct feeling  
that I was one of about 500  
actors performing an absurdist  
melodrama in Pike County -  
not exactly the same feeling as  
a medieval passion play!  
I can't ever recall a Thanksgiving  
that was so morose - The  
crowd in the freehouse truly  
represents a cross section -  
the local citizens who have  
seized upon this National  
phenomenon to demonstrate  
their inherent good sense  
& rationality - old men chattering,



women from the volunteers (I suppose)  
being most kind in that they  
served sandwiches & coffee all night  
long — very generous; there is  
the usual battery of adolescents  
who are acting like most  
adolescents at wedding receptions  
then of course there are the  
traveling mothers and their  
wailing children — a smattering  
of "studs" — local & traveling —  
countless cigarettes, headaches,  
travel fatigue and intermittent  
nausea — do I go on to Carbondale  
or back to NYC? Last night we  
drank an entire quart of rum  
(i.e. — the Wallenpauk family  
and I) — then 16 year old daughter  
impressed me as being very well  
read; It seems that there are  
150 cars in distress on Route 6  
between here and Horseshoe —  
Quelle joie!; I don't think  
I'm mentally or physically prepared  
to spend the night here —  
the very thought of it is enough  
to make me throw up — I  
don't think I ever want to  
see Milford, Pa again —  
the distinguished incompetence



of the snow removal crews surely must be noted - How is it possible that it takes 18 hrs to plow a few roads? I have been annoyed to the point of contemplating an envidious letter to the governor - Had the pilgrims to undergo there last 18 hours they would probably have sailed immediately for England - That's obviously not true.

Friday - November 26, 1971 -  
An ugly sleepless night - still no express routes snow bound inferno.  
A fellow (Gene) from White Crossing and I play 21 and gin - very amusing - I can't keep a straight face when I have the right cards when playing poker - Gene was very amused by this fact -  
Desperately I tried to sleep on top of a table used for bingo playing in the firehouse in Miford - how wretched! finally miraculously at 8 AM the roads are open - It seems too good to be true - we made it to Carbondale at 11 AM - my



Thanksgiving odyssey comes to an end  
after 40 long hours - When I arrived  
home, Aunt Lillian, Uncle Jim & Jeff  
were there - Aunt Lillian looked  
feeble & pale & I thought of Aunt  
Eleanor; Jeff is grown up & it  
seems strange; Uncle Jim seemed  
distant; I ate my Thanksgiving  
dinner on Friday & we grieved -  
Mr Clarke's left for Lancaster and  
I bathed and relaxed; Mom, Dad  
& I spent a very relaxing evening  
watching television - Good program  
on birds & eagles on at 10 PM -  
to bed to bed for some rest - the  
first time since Tuesday night.



Saturday - November 27, 1971 -  
up at 10:30 & feeling very rested;  
super high lunch; relax;  
Aunt & Children Arrive - I take  
a roll of film of the kids -  
hopefully I will have some  
good slides so that they can be  
enlarged for Christmas gifts -  
more relaxation - today seemed  
like Sunday - very cozy &  
warm - Dinner was  
gargantuan - some of dad's  
super steaks - super plates



Mondecc on # 99 - her Unif card;  
I repair my pants; put in a  
pocket in my great coat;  
television and another snack  
and then off to bed - My  
bus is at 1045 in the morning -  
hopefully the trip to NYC will  
be quick and sans incident -  
I'm not sure I could bear  
the thought of undergoing  
another 40 hour endurance test.



The enlargement of my neck &  
my throat turned out well & I am  
most pleased.

Monday - December 13, 1971  
Today I felt as if I had been  
run over by the Orient Express -  
not generalized ache over my entire  
body - I suppose that means that  
the weekend really was good.  
I just couldn't get it all together  
at work; absolutely zero.  
After work I typed a paper  
for Joel on La prudence de  
Cordes (12 pages or so) and then  
took a long bath, a vitamin  
pill and went to bed.

11 Tuesday - December 14, 1971  
Many blues; more less any  
work to do; slightly boring  
but also kind of fun -



02-14-71

I managed to finish the Alice B  
Toklas cookbook at work today —  
absolutely marvellous book —  
Chatty & "Grand tourish" — her  
recipes are at times inspired / at  
times vague; I have underlined  
a good deal of the work — at one  
point ABT states: "What a happy  
trip it would be, only to cultivate  
raspberries".



\*  
1

Arrived  
at the opera in an ecstatic  
Mood — Tristan and Isolde  
with Birgitt Nilsson & Jess  
Thomas & Irene Dale &  
Georges Tozzi And Erich  
Kensdorp Conducting. The  
whole performance was  
utterly fantastic — it has  
got to be one of the aesthetic  
highs of my life. When  
Nilsson began I had the  
feeling that something larger  
than life itself was before me —  
She is doubtless a superb  
singer; her voice pleased me  
even more than it has on the  
record (which doesn't often  
happen) — No Lebestod. did.



my body all sorts of things; I was  
in ecstasy — When the opera  
ended there was a thunderous  
ovation offered by the entire house  
of grateful Wagnerians — absolute  
thunder — I have never  
seen a more enthusiastic crowd  
in an opera house in my life  
Nilsson & Thomas were superlative;  
Curtain Call followed curtain  
call etc; Nilsson was magnificent  
in her royal blue/purple costume;  
I couldn't believe I was really  
there; I'll never forget it;  
It was late when I got back  
to 336 — Jack & Calvin & I chatted  
and they told me of Ben Steen's  
visit that day etc; It was  
around 2 when I got to bed.  
Tomorrow night I shall be  
seeing Mahler's 2nd Symphony  
performed by the New York Philharmonic  
& conducted by Bernstein —  
his 1000th concert with that  
orchestra. Jenny Yearick  
sent me a Christmas Card —  
wow — if that doesn't start  
the red mud rolling along  
me more; I must write her  
a letter as well as a card.



Wednesday - December 15, 1971  
Mahler's Symphony #2 at P. H. Lehmann  
Hall with Bernstein conducting -  
a special celebration concert on the  
occasion of Bernstein's 100th concert  
with the NY Philharmonic - Jack &  
I had glorious seats in the 1st  
terrace - Shirley Verrett & Martina  
Arroya sang with the Camerata  
Singers as well - the entire  
performance was spectacular -  
the mood created by Bernstein  
was electric - the presence filled  
the hall - one of the most exhilarating  
and moving performances I have  
ever seen - I could not get  
the performance I had seen several  
years earlier in Washington out  
of my mind; the enthusiasm  
of Bernstein was superb -  
Countless times he leapt from  
the podium - the timpanist  
even broke his sticks in the  
5th movement - the whole  
orchestra & Chorus was with  
Bernstein 100% of the way -  
I have a feeling that when  
the history of music is finally  
written that Bernstein's Mahler  
2nd will figure prominently



therein; I'll not forget this  
performance for a long while -  
probably never; What is  
more than nice is that it was  
performed on the day following  
Thelsson's magnificent Trusts  
at the Metropolitan. After  
the concert Joel & I returned to  
336

Friday - December 24, 1971  
Christmas Eve & all that; I  
slept badly & got up to find my  
teeth wretched - pain - how  
strange to get wisdom teeth at  
the age of 28; Dad & I took a  
ride out to Lakeland which  
took about 2 hours - we had  
a pleasant ride & chat - primarily  
about trees; when I returned  
I wrapped my Christmas gifts -  
I love it - most of the day



was thus spent; dinner was  
marvelous - picked that Dad  
had caught - Mom & I then  
put up the tree and assembled  
the presents there - under;  
a superb Bernstein program  
on Beethoven - 1 1/2 hrs -  
much of Fidelio & the 4th movement  
of the 9th Symphony (Verell &  
Domingo) - excellent, excellent  
performance - probably the  
best I have ever heard. -  
Later that evening we watched  
Midnight Mass at Saint  
Patrick's - very impressive -  
Mom & Dad were not too taken  
by it; Mom & I had a long  
chat on Catholicism after the  
Mass - very very pleasant -  
Mom seemed to be very pleased  
by the chat - I also looked  
at my silver before going to  
bed - Such a collection I  
am building - the most  
valuable will be put in a  
vault in NYC soon. -  
particularly the 19th C Coin  
silver and the sterling.



Saturday - December 25, 1971  
Christmas morning - I woke  
up early & in pain - that  
damned wisdom tooth; at 9 A.M.  
Mom, Dad & I went down to  
Russ & Ann's to share Christmas  
morning with them; absolutely  
priceless - the whole morning  
was what Christmas should be  
and happily was this year -  
the enthusiasm of those nicest  
nephews of mine is heartwarming;  
When we got back here to the  
Homestead I helped Mom arrange  
the table for dinner and then  
got ready for the day - Jerry  
was shocked by my hair  
but the day with her was  
pleasant - we seem to have  
lost much of what we used  
to have - It's not really a  
cause for any undue depression -  
it's just one of those things;  
Dinner was sumptuous,  
over-large and really beautiful.  
We ate around 2 and  
then opened presents; I was  
delighted with what I received -  
A book on American silver,  
The New Times International



cookbook; Bernstein's Mass  
a silver chest; I began to  
put my silver therein and  
Judy & Peg seemed to be  
impressed — Perhaps I can  
arrange to purchase some  
silver from Joey — that would  
be nice; Naturally I over ate  
and felt uncomfortable all  
day long; I polished the  
first silver and prepared it  
for the vault in New York;



Sunday - December 26, 1971  
One of those drowsily unmotivated,  
lazy Sundays - I got up around 1130  
and was more or less tired all  
day - overate - watched television -  
Nora cooked a superb roast of  
beef + gravy (her speciality) -  
I spent several hours cracking  
butternuts picked in the front  
Yard - incredibly hard nuts -  
I thought of Truman Capote  
while I was so occupied;  
Dad watched (surprise, surprise)  
football all day; Nora was



Working on "the books", I decided to select my favorite slides for the vault in NYC - since they are really irreplaceable and they capture so much of the last 6 or 8 yrs of my life I decided that they deserve a place in the vault along with the silver. Selecting the slides took me most of the evening - Johnny Carson was his usual usurper, I got a mail self - however Lucille Ball was on the show - subdued & strange - but a pleasure to watch her. Joel called me around mid-day - He will be returning to NYC on Wednesday of this week - I was hoping to have 336 to myself all week - well - the old but about the best laid plans of mice & men & all that; Joel seems to be very well and anxious to return to NYC - Calvin, it seems, is even sicker than I had thought; I don't see it possible that he will not be with us long at 336 - Unhappily he will have been subdued by the city of NYC - perhaps he was defeated at an earlier age - maybe



ruined or destroyed would be a more apt choice of words — perhaps at the age of 10 or 12 he was "led astray" by his domineering & excessively Jewish parents — no — I'm not anti-Semitic — it's simply not solely Calvin's fault he is as he is — his parents are largely responsible which comes as no small surprise to anyone who has met them — they can not see why Calvin is not the happiest person in the world — if he is not (I surely he isn't) then it is almost exclusively his parents fault.

Monday — December 23, 1971  
up at 1130 — time to organize for my departure from Pa — much to be done — laundry — packing — bathing etc — I was somewhat sad on leaving Pa — it always happens — Mom & Dad both wanted me to stay around for a few more days but I wanted to be back here in NYC — I always go through this Crisis of Departure — wanting to be in 2 places at once — I wonder



if I will emerge over it: probably  
not - my trip back on that  
lane seemed long & I was laden  
down with luggage - how  
unpleasant - notwithstanding  
all that I got onto the 7th Ave  
IRT sans difficulty - I arrived  
at the corner of Riverside Drive  
& 105th feeling elated - I noticed  
that a cop car was in front of  
the building - to make a  
long story short - a good bit  
of 336 had been burned on  
the 25th of December at 2 AM -  
Most of the "C" Apartments  
completely destroyed - the  
English nurse's room door now  
has not a single possession  
this word of material objects -  
I was so rattled when I  
entered the building I didn't  
know whether to weep or laugh -  
God what a feeling to realize  
that your material possessions  
could be reduced to zero -  
Thank God our apartment  
came through the holocaust  
(12 firetrucks) untouched  
and totally unscathed  
sans smoke damage -



our door had been smashed down &  
water was on the floor - plugs  
all pulled - fuses gone - Canteen  
pulled down but everything  
seemed to be intact - again  
thank God - We were really  
lucky - the whole thing was  
so ugly that I began to "blat"  
It almost as soon as it became  
obvious to me what had happened;  
security in the building became  
of paramount importance -  
the police lock had been smashed -  
the regular lock seems to be OK;



January 2, 1971 - Sunday  
Alas - Hallelulalah - all of our  
possessions have been moved from  
336 to 321 W 103 - 2B - It's a  
good feeling to know that once again  
I have a personal living space  
and am away from the smoke  
& debris of 336 - Actually I think  
I am going to like this apartment



better than 336; the fireplace, terrace  
& all that; the building seems  
much more New York than 336 —  
all day long Joel, Calvin, Sheryl & I  
went through the drudgery of  
moving furniture and large  
boxes — backbreaking work —  
my patience was taxed almost  
to the limit — nonetheless we  
managed to get all of our things  
moved in by 6:30 or so and  
all of us were bloody tired; Joel  
& Calvin began thinking of dinner  
à la Mamma Leone or comparable —



and organized the Salle de séjour —  
Naturally the process of getting  
settled will take some time &  
all of us are a bit impatient  
now & we have only been in  
the place for about 12 hrs. &  
shouldn't feel so but I suppose  
it's natural to want to have  
everything in order & clean  
perhaps I'm making statements  
about all mankind based on  
myself — well I don't suppose  
that's really so awful. The  
thought that it was Sunday  
never occurred to me all day  
long & usually I adore the  
feeling of knowing it's Sunday —  
I am anticipating tomorrow  
& the "organization" of the apt.

January 3, 1972 — Monday  
Glorious day — Slept late — Went  
out to get preparations for Superbreakfast  
(ham, eggs, rye bread, orange juice etc)  
really all very American — Joel &  
Calvin were to take the rented car  
we had hired back to Hertz — The  
total cost was 30 dollars — I was  
a bit shocked but I guess that  
isn't so bad for the task had to be



done & we could not have done it sans  
fortune; while they were away  
I organized the kitchen — put up  
the peg board & got rid of some  
of the mess — very enjoyable  
in some sort of way. At  
any rate, the results of my  
efforts were immediately visible  
which is, of course, pleasing.



- O Calvin  
was in an Italian mood;  
dinner was sumptuous & well  
presented; after dinner we  
all seemed to re-assume our  
usual evening activities —  
and I felt very good to be back  
on some sort of schedule after  
the fire & moving & all that;  
I am delighted with this  
apartment — it seems & feels  
so much more like New York  
than 336; I love the terrace  
& living area — the kitchen is  
small but very workable;  
Again I listened to Bernstein's  
Mass and am even more  
pleased on this listening — the



work is magnificently eclectic  
and yet entirely unified &  
most satisfactory ecclesiastically.  
Calvin renewed his letter campaign,  
listened to his records & watched  
television (he seemed to insist  
that I watch a program done  
by Edward R. Murrow on  
migrant workers - I was  
more concerned with the man  
and the apple pie I was  
making (Joel's favorite pie) -  
We had the pie before  
returning along with my  
favorite tea & punice of loaves &  
orange spice tea blended together.  
The pie was gorgeous; I also  
began reading my newest  
book on silver & thinking  
about tomorrow's work at  
the library - I am very  
ready to get back to work on  
all that - Hopefully the  
day will be intellectually  
satisfying.

January 4, 1972 - Tuesday  
Frustrating day - I slept rather  
late and managed to get to the  
New York Public Library by around



12:30; very frustrating day at  
Academia fall that; I dabbled  
around with Chapter T until about  
2 and then went to the Bowery Savings  
Bank and opened up a savings  
account - My reasons for selecting  
the Bowery Bank on 42nd street  
are clear - It's a magnificent  
Italian Romanesque structure  
with marble everywhere - the  
pass book was dutifully secured  
and I came back to 1321 in a  
somewhat better frame of mind -



Dinner was interesting -  
suprêmes de volaille with  
parmesan cheese - a new  
recipe from the My Times  
International Cook book -  
very successful; I regretted  
my plants and it now  
seems that I have a rather  
Victorian garden on top of my



former candle stand; also the  
speaker boxes have now become  
decorator boxes thanks to some  
fabric that has come into my  
possession - All the while I  
was decorating I was consciously  
or unconsciously avoiding the  
business of working on my  
dissertation - Well, I finally  
began to work on it & then Joel  
wanted to talk about his paper  
for Roudiez - I was in a foul  
mood and Joel was most under-  
standing - I wasn't much use  
in helping him figure out what  
he was going to write on - Ultimately  
we decided that an incomplete  
would be the wisest resolution -  
Joel seemed apologetic to Chot &  
I was wanting to write or  
sleep or something; I wasn't very  
nice to him & felt sorta weird  
about it now - I should have  
been more understanding of the  
fact that he was academically  
frustrated & wanted to talk -  
The reason that it didn't work was  
the fact that I too was academically  
frustrated - just one of those  
non-memorable days.



January 5, 1972 - Wednesday  
Up at around noon and I feel that  
I was behind schedule even before  
the day began - notwithstanding  
I managed to get to the Columbia  
Library by around 1 PM and put  
in a good 4 1/2 hrs of work; I have  
decided to toss out Champigny's  
definition of a vowel and the  
matter of my first Chapter seems  
to have straightened itself out;  
Happily my time at the library  
was very gratifying; I called  
Mom around 5 and we  
chatted for about 1/2 hour -  
I told her about the fire & all  
that & we talked of them forth -  
Coming Florida trip - they  
will leave on the 9th of this  
month and stay South for  
somewhere between 1 + 2 months;  
Mom wants to stay for about  
6 weeks - Julie & Cheryl met  
me at the library at 6 PM &  
we bought groceries & returned  
to 321; yummy dinner -  
Cheesburgers & English muffins  
Corn, potato Chips; Expresso  
Coffee - Calvin seems to have  
been irritated about something -



in Genetics of Mammals. It seems  
she has a good idea for a good  
paper; I wish Joel could get it  
together for Roudiez's paper - He  
as well as I would feel better;  
Hopefully I will feel like working  
on my dissertation when I  
finish writing this - at least I'll  
give it a try!

January 6, 1972 - Sunday  
It's going to take me some time to  
get used to getting up at noon and going  
to bed at 4 AM - Somehow the days  
seem to fly by on such a schedule -  
Today I managed to get to the Columbia  
Library by 1 + stayed there until  
5 - 4 good hours of work - quite  
satisfying even tho I combatted a  
headache all afternoon; dinner  
chez nous - a cheap one - \$2.25 for  
the three of us - Kosher dogs, beets,  
B + M beans + biscuits - Not bad -  
Calvin went to Class thereafter  
+ Joel + I studied until he returned  
and then began again to study -  
I suppose I got 7 hours or so  
of work done today - quite good -  
made some tartelette aux pommes -  
good - not exceptional - today



seemed quiet & uneventful yet  
strangely pleasant — Calum  
descent & le plus en plus difficile  
à supporter et on espère que le  
partura l'entraîne.



January 9, 1972 - Sunday

It was around 5 PM before I returned here to 321 W 103 - 2B - Joel & I went out & got some food for dinner (Beef Stroganoff) Calvin was being himself all evening & so Joel & I went to the library at Columbia around 830 - It seemed as though we were off to a good evening's work when the librarian announced that the library would be closing in 10 min (at 10 PM) - How annoying! We returned to 321 and I began working. Calvin was writing letters - Doubtless they were salutory. I managed to get some rather good theses thinking done and am anticipating working



On it as well tomorrow in the afternoon & evening; Joel & I are going to go to the Rental Office in the Morning & Dan & I are going to go & get tickets for a Traffic Concert on Fri night at the Academy of Music; I'm not really that excited about the concert — It should be an enlightening experience; I should also get some tickets at Carnegie Hall & Lincoln Center tomorrow — hopefully all that can be accomplished without too much frustration. It's been a rather good day — Mom & Dad left for Florida today — they plan to stay there for about 6 weeks.

January 10, 1972 — Monday  
Joel & I went to 79th street to see about the lease for 321 W 103-2B & about some repairs that have to be taken care of — faucet etc; we then went to the Napoli Pizza Place at about 76th & B'way — very good —



Leopold was reading  
a pornography magazine with  
considerable gusto & delight. after  
that we went to Lincoln Center &  
got tickets for Werther with Corelli  
& Crespini — excellent seats —  
let's hope Corelli will sing & not  
cancel out; Joel came home  
& I called Don we went to the  
Bowery Savings Bank & I  
transferred money from upstate  
New York — we walked to  
Carnegie Hall to get tickets  
for Cleveland Orchestra & Sells &  
Lunsdorf as well as for  
Judas Maccabeus & Rebonds —  
the lines were too long & so I  
decided I couldn't wait;  
another day; en route to Carnegie  
Hall I stopped into Rosenthal's  
on 5th Avenue & bought some  
Boda Crystal — I bought 2  
goblets like the ones I have —  
purchased in NYC at \$9.50 each —  
Because of a sale & a small chip  
I got 2 for \$4.50 — lovely;



Calvin & I had dinner — Joel went to dinner & to study History of the language on 72nd Street — Calvin incessantly watched television & I got annoyed — I wanted to work — also at 1 AM he went to bed & I got some good writing done — worked until after 3 AM & listened to Bernstein's Mass — Joel & I chatted about concert tickets to be bought & we called it a day. Dan is now dealing in grass — he bought <sup>1/4 pound.</sup> January 11, 1972 — Tuesday

It <sup>was</sup> about 2 PM by the time I arrived at Columbia Univ library — the books I wanted in the stacks were not there — I worked on what I had — reasonably satisfying I seem to have completed the first Chapter — now it needs the necessary and painful re-writing required to make it acceptable — Calvin dined on the East Side & Joel & I had fish sandwiches — Unhappily Calvin returned early (730 or so) because the people with whom he was dining had a fight — I



persisted in watching television & listening to records all evening long - Most annoying inasmuch as I didn't want to go to the library - notwithstanding I managed to get some work done; finally at 11:00 I went to bed after watching Carson; I then got 2 or 3 hours of studying done and retired - Most tired & moreover my throat seems to be bothering me now.

January 12, 1972 - Wednesday.  
Up at 12 and arrived at Aubrey library by 1 PM - Read "No Way Beyond Art" - Not as good as I had anticipated; a girl (obviously a friend of Don's) asked me who I was - She exclaimed on seeing me - "well, if it isn't ...." - Well it wasn't - her name is Pearl. Later at the same library a girl asked me if I were Mort Abramson - It seems that I am having a problem holding onto my identity today; I checked Dissertations in Progress in the French Review and happily saw in Volume



XLV, Oct 1971 - no 1 - the following:  
#351. Landscape in the Nineteenth -  
Century French Novel (Chateaubriand,  
Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Zola,  
Yoncourt brothers). S. Robert  
Powell (John P. Houston, Indiana).  
How delightful to see your name  
in print! That seems to spur me  
on to work even more enthusiastically  
on my dissertation & get it done  
as soon as possible. Very pleasant  
evening with Joll & Sheryl over dinner -  
we all talked about what we would  
really like to do if we had the time -  
Sheryl would paint, Joll art & I  
dabble in silver wire. Sheryl  
invited us down for Saturday  
night - lovely - Betty Davis &  
Madame Sin.

January 13, 1972 - Thursday  
Columbia Library in the afternoon -  
I got some work done - I made  
a superb Chicken pie for dinner -  
we consumed it entirely during  
the course of the evening. Betty  
Davis's Dark Victory was on the  
430 movie; this makes 14 of  
her films that I have seen -  
I loved this one - her own



version of Camille; I got an Academy Award nomination for her performance & I can understand why; the evening was largely academic & reasonably satisfying; I discovered that I have some of the Arias from Judas Macabeus that we will be performing at Carnegie Hall later this month.

January 14, 1972 - Friday  
Wow - when I woke up I had a headache, couldn't breathe and my teeth were bothering me; Happily a few aspirin & a shower took care of all that - I got to the Columbia Library about 2 & worked until 6 - lovely pause - coffee with Joel at 3:00 Joel was 1 1/2 hrs late for our 6 PM meeting so I came on back to 32, stopping to buy my own dinner; He was detained by a meeting with his linguistics teacher - The Odd Couple - 9:30 Friday ritual - very amusing; It has been a reasonably academic evening - very



Addenda to Chapter I are just about all made & which means that the final rewrite begins so; what a lovely feeling; I am getting anxious to see what John Houston thinks of it; I tried to call DE but to no avail; we will have to have a long chat I suspect —

perhaps Sunday! Joel, Calvin & I talked about art & the cinema until 3:30 AM.

January 15, 1972 - Saturday  
The mailman brought a bountiful supply of letters this AM — one from Earl (He's in Iowa again — her name is Monique); one from Billie Slayden Guodde & a notice from my bank saying that my money has been transferred; lovely; Joel & I went to the library & got some work done and came back here around 6 — I had dinner with Sheryl in the Village Joel & Calvin were not really invited; Sheryl hates Calvin; Sheryl & I watched the new Bette Davis film "Madame Sin" — Excellent — It seems that Davis is still in excellent shape and



I am immensely delighted;  
Something has to be done about our  
domestic crisis; it's becoming  
unbearable at the moment,  
Hopefully I can restrain myself  
and not bluntly state my  
true feelings - I don't want  
to hurt anyone - Ironically,  
by not wanting to hurt anyone  
I may end up hurting everyone -  
that would be a sorry state,  
wouldn't it now.



January 17, 1972 - Monday  
The rewriting of Chapter 1 was the  
task for the day and it looks like  
it might end up being the task  
for the week - Frustration is  
running rampant at the moment.  
I am not totally delighted with the  
feeling I have upon re-writing  
Chapter 1 - Something still  
seems off - there is only one thing  
to do and that is to continue working  
until it happens; Joel and I  
had dinner at John Jay - and  
talked for an hour or so about  
Calvin & his presence in NYC -  
I then went off to see Cheryl  
and to go to the Meats 80 St.  
Marks Place in the East Village  
in order to see a Bette Davis  
film - Hollywood Canteen &c



Seems that everyone who was in  
Hollywood in 1944 makes a cameo  
appearance in the film — everyone  
from the Andrews Sisters & Jack  
Benney to Kitty Carlisle and  
Roy Rogers. A very amusing  
film even tho B.D. was not  
on the screen very much — the  
theatre itself is a pure joy —  
it was and perhaps still is  
a legitimate theatre — very small  
and very old and the people  
who run it are very friendly  
and pleasant — I was  
very tired and went to bed  
almost immediately upon  
returning to 321.

11  
Cigarettes  
only  
today

January 18, 1972 - Tuesday  
Well, I didn't win the lottery!  
And I was so sure that I  
would — next time; very frustrating  
day academically — I was  
incredibly tired all day & couldn't  
get it all together — all I wanted  
to do was sleep but felt I should  
be studying + Joel and I had  
dinner at John Jay and stayed  
at the library until rather late —  
returned home and studied & went to bed.



10 cigarettes today  
January 19, 1972 - Wednesday  
Good writing day - All seemed  
to happen today - Well, that's a  
relief especially after yesterday's  
frustration; I managed to get some  
good writing done in the Reference  
Room - I think I need the  
stimulation of working with other  
people who are working - at  
any rate, the reference room  
worked out better than the  
Browsing Room - I shall keep  
on working there until that  
room loses its Creative aura -  
my usual practice when writing -  
move around continually; Sheryl  
and Denise & Joel & I had  
dinner at John Jay - Very  
pleasant - they returned to their  
respective abodes & Joel & I went  
back to the library; Sheryl seemed  
sad that this was our last  
Wednesday night dinner -  
we will have to revive that  
tradition next semester; I began  
reading and noting The Lonely  
Life by Bette Davis - wonderful  
reading - her life is a source  
of fascination for me - the  
book is beautifully written -



"My Bette Davis" — I wonder how  
much of it she did independently —  
probably much of it.

<sup>8 cigarettes</sup>  
January 20, 1972 — Sunday  
Joel & I went & signed the lease  
at 79th Street; paid January's  
rent & went to the Napoli  
Pizza Place on 76th & Broadway —  
I then continued on to the  
Bowery Savings Bank & got  
my rent money — great fun —  
I had to get my savings book  
from the vault etc. etc. — that  
was all taken care of and I got  
to the Columbia library by about  
2:30 and worked for an hour or  
so — returned to B 21 & then  
got into a mood for opera —  
Puccini at the Metropolitan  
tonight — Il Giuseppi Maffo,  
Merrell — super performance —  
Maffo was just as impressive  
as I had thought she would be  
she was glorious — maybe it's  
the part of Gilda that strikes me  
as odd — All things considered —  
a glorious evening at the opera.  
I continue to read the lovely  
Life by Bette Davis avant de me coucher.



Not many pages were written today  
but I did some good thinking —  
hopefully I can put some of those  
thoughts into words tomorrow.

— 7 cigarettes today

January 21, 1972 — Friday  
It was after noon when I got up —  
I had 4 good hours of writing at  
Columbia's Butler Library —  
met Joll for Dinner — the pizza  
place in the basement of John Jay —  
excellent pizza — Came back to  
321 at 930 — 2 good hrs of writing  
after dinner before leaving the  
library; the late evening  
was spent pleasantly in the  
tub and elsewhere reading  
Bette Davis' autobiography —  
Magnificent book — I don't  
want it to end I all that —  
It's like reading about a friend.  
Very quiet but enjoyable &  
productive day — I am feeling  
good about being a academic  
again — it's been a while  
since I felt that sensation.  
That should be good for my  
head as I write my dissertation.



January 22, 1972 - Saturday  
My afternoon at Butler Library was  
most rewarding - I seem to have  
made a good deal of progress with  
my understanding of the concept  
of aesthetic distance - I am working  
very well in the afternoons now -  
I began reading Bette Davis'  
autobiography a couple of days ago  
and now at night I can't put it  
down - as a matter of fact I spent  
most of this evening reading it -  
It's such a pleasure I am afraid  
it's going to end - well I can begin  
reading it again should that be the  
case - tonight I read about her  
battle with the brother Warner  
over her contract - marvelous -  
Dinner tonight was terrible -  
it's the first time in a long time  
(several years) that I cooked  
something that I thought was  
bad - bad even to the point that I  
could hardly eat it - "veal patte" -  
It will be a long time before I buy  
them again - perhaps never. Jack &  
Calvin seemed to eat them but I'm  
quite sure neither of them liked them  
very much; Marvin Goldberg is in  
town for the weekend - he



stopped by and Calvin seemed most  
chagrined that Marvin didn't get  
all sorts of interested in how he was  
and what he was doing & all that —  
Who cares? — Calvin somehow seems  
to think that all of Monkend should  
inquire about his health, mental  
well-being etc daily. Actually  
I'm more in sympathy with  
Marvin — Hopefully tomorrow will  
be a productive day at Butler —  
I'm planning on sending my first  
chapter to John before the end of  
this month.

— 12 Cigarettes approx

January 23, 1972 — Sunday  
Glorious sunny day — Marvin  
stopped by around 11 AM — we were  
all sleeping — I got up & showered  
all that and walked up to Butler  
via Riverside Park — most  
exhilarating — the sun was out in  
full intensity, it was nice &  
people were everywhere — I  
arrived at Butler around 1 PM  
only to find that Butler was closed —  
It probably doesn't open until 2 PM  
I write this as I wait for Butler  
to open. It does open at 2 PM;  
rather productive afternoon — I have



finished the re-write of Chapter One & now it goes into final revision & then off to John — We had dinner (Joel & I did) at home — eclectic one (cottage cheese, eggs hard boiled, green beans etc) — I couldn't resist the Belle Davis autobiography and almost finished it — no more evening and I will have finished it, I don't really want it to end — to bed around 330 AM.

January 24, 1972 — Monday  
The morning was curious — Calum woke me up to inquire where the keys were; the exterminator man came and did his thing; the buzzer rang and Joel went down thinking it the postman — none there; I went to the opera Guild to get tickets for the Gala Benefit in April — sold out; I then went to the New York City Opera to get tickets for the Spring season — they will not be available until February 7th; I managed to get to Butler library around 2 PM — Again it's a glorious day and I did not feel really like coming into the library — Nonetheless — duty



Calls and all that — I was much  
too tired to work today and shouldn't  
have tried — I got Mutchy & Muttale  
Jail said he would be at the library  
by 530 — I left the library at 6  
very annoyed & when I got to 321  
Calvin informed me that Jail had  
just left for the library — so I  
walked back up here to the library  
(where I now write this on Tues.)  
and Jail was not to be found so  
I walked back to 321 — very  
annoyed — He said he arrived  
at 6 sharp — well — he didn't —



I was to find out on Tuesday that  
Jill & Calvin had been swindled  
out of \$17.00 by a black guy who  
knocked on the door and said  
he had to leave some money to  
get a girl to a hospital —  
the swindler said he knew  
Tony so it all sounded as it  
should — When I found out



at 1:15 AM - my 17th Betty Davis film  
was on - "Front Page Woman" - made in 1935 -  
I hardly recognized BP - but it was  
most enjoyable.

I got a \$1500 fellowship for  
the Spring Semester - fantaster.

that they had been swindled &  
really got insensate - God - what  
has happened to mankind - it's  
becoming increasingly difficult  
to have any faith in your fellow  
man - I think I still do,  
however - yes, I know I do

January 25, 1971 - Tuesday.  
Academic doldrums!! I arrived  
at Butler library late (around 2)  
and didn't get anything of  
consequence accomplished all  
day - I ran into that girl  
with whom I allegedly had a  
date several years ago in Washington  
& whom Joel & I had dinner  
with at Ayl's at the library -  
I don't really like her but was  
curious to see her; she seems to be  
fond of Joel - I can't recall  
her name; we had dinner  
at 321 - I broiled some Chuker  
breasts & broiled & baked them -  
very good; Most of the evening  
I read Betty Davis' autobiography -  
I, in fact, finished it around  
3 AM - magnificent book  
which really touched me -  
I shall re-read it again soon.



January 26, 1972 - Wednesday  
Academic Doldrums!! To muse  
est morte - or so it seems; I tried  
typing the first Chapter and  
it didn't work - My thoughts  
are not clear at this point -  
all day long I dabbled around  
with it and got nowhere -  
frustrating experience - I made  
a sumptuous ground beef pie  
for dinner & we devoured it  
centrally - I added Curry & it  
was smashing; the whole  
evening I tried to write that  
introduction over so it would  
make sense - zero - Around  
4 AM I had an idea which I  
think will resolve the Crisis -  
I'll give it a try tomorrow -  
These frustrating days make  
me so irritated - you would  
think that after 10 years of  
doing this I would get used  
to it - It's so damned rewarding  
when it all works and so  
irritating when it doesn't.

IIII January 27, 1972 - Thursday  
Up at around 1030 due to the  
noise in the apartment - the portman



January 28, 1972 - Friday  
I got to the bank by around noon  
and to Parke Bernet by 1 PM - Such  
a fantastic auction - I have never  
been surrounded by so much silver  
in my life - A Paul Revere porringer  
went for \$11,000 and a Myers  
covered mug went for \$15,000 -  
I bid \$100 on some spoons that  
I had never seen - Had I been  
able to look at them I would  
have been higher - the same was  
true for several lots - Had I been  
fully prepared and informed  
about the whole matter I would  
have spent \$250 freely & without  
battering an eyelash; the next time  
however it will be a different  
story - I can hardly wait for  
it all to happen; There is an  
auction of English & Continental  
Silver on the 16th of February &  
in all probability I will attend -  
Jill & I watched two old films  
by Stanley Kubrick - "The Killing"  
and "Paths of Glory" - very enjoyable.  
Calvin had left in the morning  
and Jill & I gave out in unison  
one great sigh of relief -  
Inasmuch as I was most tired



for example, came three times.  
I was in a very good mood upon awaking  
as I had been when I went to sleep —  
dissertation Calburnus — Calvin's  
from Vienna, Mundy, well come  
today; Well I got to library. —



rejoined Jack at 530 or so & we had  
dinner at John Jay - When we  
got to the library I decided that  
the reason for my academic doldrums  
was the vast nature of what I was  
trying to do with my dissertation -  
It simply has to be narrowed in  
scope - It will be Zola & Aesthetic  
Distance in Les Rougon Macquart  
& not the entire Century - (which  
seems like a reasonable re-evaluation  
of my objectives - At any rate,  
I seem to be feeling a bit better  
about the whole thing at the  
moment; Before retiring I noted  
that there is an auction of American  
Silver at Parke Bernet tomorrow -  
I think I will attend and purge  
myself - I wouldn't be surprised  
if I ended up spending a good  
deal of money - well -  
What difference does it make.



I went to bed around 1 PM & slept  
for 10 or 11 hours - uninterrupted  
and soundly.

January 29, 1972 - Saturday  
I felt immensely relaxed  
after my sleeping orgy -  
I made a half hearted attempt  
to study at Columbia in the  
afternoon - rien de tie substantiel -  
Joel & I had a sumptuous  
dinner (stuffed pork) and  
got ready to watch Archy dal-  
Sheryl & Joel were going to see  
a movie



Renata Tebaldi was in the audience and  
received a warm ovation from the  
entire opera house.

Joel and I had dinner —  
and then went off to see Verdi  
at the Metropolitan Opera —  
glorious performances by Franco  
Corelli (at last we saw him  
sing) and Régine Crespin who  
seemed annoyed by the fact  
that she was sharing the stage  
with Corelli — who wouldn't  
he — Corelli sang the  
"Porgi e amor mi rivella" beautifully

2/1/72



Crespen was outstanding in the beginning of the Mund Act; we returned to 321 and I was so exhausted I fell into bed & slept 10 hours.

4 cigarettes only.

February 2, 1972 - Wednesday  
I went to the Columbia library today at noon and stayed for a couple hours - not having accomplished very much at all - I went to the store & prepared stuffed Chicken breasts. But Jall didn't return - he was having dinner with Ben Stein - my evening was productive and I am feeling a bit better - both psychologically & physically. I am going to smoke only 4 cigarettes a day as maximum from now on - hopefully less. Jall had a bad day - He may have failed (i.e. B-) his synchronic linguistics course - What a royal coup de pied that would be; I saw my 18th Bette Davis film this afternoon - Dead Ringer - not terribly good but a great pleasure to watch BD - I found



out that "Thank your lucky Stars"  
and "Of Human Bondage" are  
both playing this week in NYC -  
wow - there are Bette Davis films  
everywhere in this city - I should  
get to work on my fan letter  
to her now that I have seen 18  
of her films.

4 cigarettes only!

February 3, 1972 - Thursday.  
Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg was  
excellent at the Metropolitan Opera  
tonight - Kurtout Jannas King as  
Walther, Lucie Arnaut as Eva, Theo  
Adams as Hans Sachs + Bernd  
Kusche as Sixtus Beckmesser. The  
opera lasted from 7:15 - 11:45 - rather  
lengthy but very enjoyable. The day  
has been rather good - I didn't go  
out, the apartment all day until  
the opera - I worked on the  
first Chapter of my dissertation  
and am now back to my original  
idea of the whole century -  
I expect that soon I will make  
up my mind; I got a somewhat  
chatty letter from Jenny Yearick  
today - she seems to be in good  
health and in good spirits  
which is of course good to hear -



Joel leaves for Washington tomorrow  
and Calvin will possibly return -  
actually I'm looking forward  
to spending the weekend alone  
which means that I hope Calvin  
changes his plans.

4 cigarettes only  
February 4, 1972 - Friday.  
Lovely - Calvin changed his plans -  
and I have the apartment all to  
myself - How glorious to be alone  
for a while; Joel and I did  
errands all day - the bank,  
registration for Joel etc - and then  
I went to Pryn Station to see  
him off for Washington on the  
Metroliner - he left at 5 PM; I  
returned to 321 W 183



8/18-71- 6/1/73

concentration  
order up to 2/11/74

also -

PSA era

letter & writings



December 9, 1971

Norma Shepherd, my supervisor, (stage name: Norma Brown): fantastic woman. A truly gracious lady. A dancer whose manager was George M. She played on the same bill as Victor Herbert (whom she greatly admires and he, for his part, is fond of her). She danced in the old Knickerbocker theater on Broadway at 38th. Had star billing. Prima Donna for three years. Gorgeous Tudor home in New Rochelle (she had to give it up after her husband died because she could not get good help to take care of it and the grounds). This christmas she is going to West Palm Beach; she raises pure breed dogs (English toy manchesters). The dogs look like minature Pincers. Grand champions at many shows in the New York Area. Danced with Ziegfield. Wow! my head has not yet put all that together. To think she is my supervisor! That\*s what being in New York is all about. People! Helen Hayes is a friend of hers. They were in school together and appeared on Broadway together. Norma has not seen Helen in several years now. She has appeared in many Gilbert and Sullivan productions.



4 cigarettes only

Tuesday - February 8, 1972

Wholly academic day - the first chapter seems to be ready for typing - alas - it may happen this week! I was awoken at 1030 by Mr Bell - our phone was finally installed - Jall called here about 2 PM - the first call on the new phone - all afternoon & evening I wrote - Called Cheryl around 7 & we talked for about 45 minutes - her father has had a heart attack & is in the hospital; I then tried to call Mom & Dad - the phone wouldn't work - I called Russ & Ann - Mom & Dad have returned to Florida - Mother has apparently been quite ill with the flu - She was bed-ridden for about a week and for Mom that's really sick - all this happened after the death of Aunt Allison - Russ & Ann seem hail & well - Jall will return tomorrow with a new television - he is renting a car for the trip. I plan to see "Thank Your Lucky Stars" with Bette Davis at the Neame 80 St Marks Place tomorrow - How grand - I hope Calvin gets a job in Washington.



4 cigarettes only  
Wednesday, February 9, 1972

The day never quite got itself together — the early portion of it was seemingly all preparation for the remainder of it; Joel returned at 2 or so & we unpacked all his goodies — new television, food etc — very nice to have him back again; He went to Class and I went off to see Thank Your Lucky Stars (my 19th Bette Davis film) at the Theatre 80 St Marks Place — The film had too much of Eddie Cantor & Lena Horne and not enough Bette Davis — she only appeared in one scene — in which she sings & dances — extraordinary — the only time she ever does so in all of her films; The theatre, the film & the audience were delightful —



- Joel & I Chatted - very  
enjoyable - Dando called me  
& really feel like talking to Steve  
& Sue but not tonight -  
tomorrow night, perhaps -  
tomorrow is going to be a big  
academic day for me - I am  
going to put my first Chapter  
in a form so that it can be  
typed - probably on Friday night.

4 cigarettes only  
Thursday, February 10, 1972  
Incredible difficulty getting it all  
together in the AM - finally  
made it to the Columbia Library  
by around 1 PM - got a letter from  
Don today - essentially non-  
discursive; surprisingly productive  
afternoon at the library; Joel &  
I had steak for dinner & I  
worked more on Chapter 1 -  
Hopefully I can get it typed  
sometime this weekend -



we watched Streetcar Named Desire  
on television - Vivian Leigh & Brando  
are magnificent - It's the 3rd time  
I've seen the film. Shortly after  
the film began Virginia Jones  
called - how delightful - all  
seems to be well with her and  
it was great fun talking to her.  
After the film I called Steve &  
Sue Dando in Missouri -  
How nice to talk to them - Sue  
is pregnant again - turns in  
#2 child for them; Steve might  
have a smashing job in Europe.  
Virginia will take prelims in  
April - let's hope she goes through  
with it; Jay Knox called Joel  
later in the evening; such a  
night for phone calls; Joel &  
I reminisced about Arin  
Karnofsky & then Joel & I had  
quelque chose à manger &  
off to bed - I only smoked  
four cigarettes today but I  
over-ate to make up for it  
and am now feeling somewhat  
fat - the question now is -  
will I go to Park Bijou  
tomorrow or on Saturday  
afternoon?



4 cigarettes

4 cigarettes

4 cigarettes

Friday, February 11, 1972

Saturday - Sunday - Feb 12 - 13, 1972

On Friday I went to the Columbia  
Library and did some ok writing -  
Hell, Chapter one



Sat. at around 1 PM I went <sup>on</sup>  
over to Parke Bernet to look at  
the English & Continental Silver  
that will be auctioned off on  
the 16th - lovely - I will do some  
bidding & hopefully will have  
some success - the prices will  
probably be very high - but  
that is not really a concern  
of mine; Saturday evening  
Jill & I had dinner &  
watched some television -  
the Seven Samurai came on  
I sat watched with rapt attention  
and talked with Sally for  
an hour or so - we haven't talked  
for some time and Sally had



a lot of talking to do; Apparently  
she is engaged to Dan whom her  
parents find loathsome. Fully  
I will be getting together sometime  
next week, for dinner

---

Joel & I stuffed ourselves at  
dinner — I shall attempt  
not eating tomorrow — I  
ate like a pig today — Joel  
and I had over "Rounding Chap" —  
Essentially we agree on critical  
attitudes & approaches — we are



bath rather old fashioned —  
selon "Roudy". I have computed  
my tapes — I should get back  
over \$200 — how glorious — I  
plan to spend it all on silver —  
perhaps at Parke Bernet on  
this Wednesday afternoon.

4 cigarettes

Monday — February 14, 1972  
Jed, unhappily, made a good deal  
of noise when he went to his 10 AM  
class this morning and I was  
unable to fall back asleep — I  
went to the library around noon  
but was too tired to work — returned  
to 321 and worked on my 2 new  
bentwood chairs (found them in  
the garbage on 104th Street) — Calvin  
returned as I was repairing them —  
ugh — ugh; He seems to be intent  
on staying — Jed & I will apparently  
have to tell him that we want  
him to seek lodging elsewhere —  
Our land may be called tomorrow  
if he brings up the subject of  
February's rent — Soon, I suspect,  
it will be all out in the open;  
I can't tolerate Calvin's presence  
in the apartment. I was tired  
so I bathed completely in my



effort to wake myself up - Joel & I  
Went to the library around 6 -  
Joel had pizza at John Jay -  
I abstained - now spartan -  
unfortunately I am still feeling  
rather fat & will hopefully fast  
tomorrow; I am ready to  
type Chapter I tomorrow - I  
shall be happy when it is  
off to John Houston - also when  
it is returned acceptable -

4 cigarettes

Tuesday - February 15, 1972

Bette Davis - 1968 - The Anniversary -  
She was vindictive & bitchy from  
beginning to end - delightfully  
all David - and doing a caricature  
of herself; some pithy lies -  
in fact - many pithy lines;  
I have typed 18 pages of my  
first Chapter and will send  
them off to John this week - i.e.  
when I do the rest of Chapter I -  
probably tomorrow night -  
Got a lovely Valentine from Barbara  
Graves today, as well as a  
lengthy letter from Cousin Liz -  
how nice. Calvin's friend  
Sarah & Mila stopped by -  
how nice - tomorrow is the



Parke Bernet Auction of English &  
continental Silver I can  
hardly wait — I'll probably  
spend some money on all that —

4 cigarettes only  
Wednesday — February 16, 1972  
Great difficulty in falling asleep  
so I got up at 11 to the alarm —  
dashed about & made it to  
the Bowery & the Vault by 12:05  
so that I could get some money  
for the Parke Bernet auction —

Arrived  
at the auction of Fine English  
& Continental Silver — very  
nice — I lost out on the  
items I bid on — some Georgian  
& Victorian flatware — then  
again a set of George III Soup  
treen, some treen and  
some coalers. Went for  
\$30,000!



4 cigarettes

Monday

February 17, 1972

Stayed at 321 W 103 all day &

finished Chapter I — It's

25 pages long & rather well  
written — I'll do the footnotes

tomorrow and send it off very  
soon now — I got a card

from a ~~former~~ former student  
at Oswego — Carol Darling —

She just wanted to say



"Hells"; I was really pleased  
that she wrote - my  
mind was flooded by all sorts  
of memories as I read it -  
all of them pleasant. I seem  
to have contracted a rather  
bad cold - tomorrow I will  
buy some contact & put an  
end to all that.

Friday - February 18, 1972  
Saturday - Feb 19, 1972 - naughty me - cigarettes;  
Sunday - Feb 20 - 4 cigarettes; Monday - Feb 21 - 4  
Hector, glorious, fabulous weekend.  
Friday in the afternoon I made  
a photocopy of my Chapter 1 - Great feeling -  
only beats a page at a place on  
Amsterdam Avenue; typed the prologue  
and was all set; I didn't get around  
to typing my letter to John until Monday  
& so it won't go out until Tuesday -  
Friday night - Bill & Chris Farhood  
arrive at 321 W 103 - Good to see them -



A Star is Born with Judy Garland —  
really good stuff; Let followed a  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr.  
special on the preview of Cabaret with  
Lisa Minelli & very much the image  
& spirit of her mother; On Sat we  
"all" got up late & made it to the  
Antiques Fair at the Rotunda in  
Madison Square Garden — Superb —  
wow — Coin silver everywhere —  
I acquired 23 new pieces for \$90. —  
that seems fair enough — wow —  
I have doubled my collection  
in just one purchase of 23 spoons —



Sunday got started around  
4 PM in the afternoon - Lilyona  
was still up when the  
sun made its appearance on  
Sunday morning. I returned  
to 329 in the late afternoon &  
Jill & I went out for food -



Most of the stores were closed — I managed  
to assemble some "peasant food" —  
ground beef pie + cottage cheese, <sup>canon</sup>  
+ artichoke hearts; quite good;  
we watched Nixon arrive  
in China — I was unmoved  
by it all — I made a dozen  
cream puffs + we devoured  
them — especially Bill — who has  
an insatiable appetite — I is  
a pleasure to cook for; I  
was most tired + slept at  
midnight — I felt as if I  
had been hit by a truck +  
then put through a meat  
tenderizer — got up at 9:00  
on Monday AM + died my  
letter to John — Bill + Chris  
went downtown; Joel went  
to class — Calvin + I stayed  
at 321 + chatted; he seems to  
have handled this matter of being  
told to move out very well I  
hope he doesn't bear any  
long term grudges about it all —  
Before Bill + Chris left we all had  
pizza at John Jay — Calvin  
+ I talked again in the afternoon  
+ when Joel returned from the  
library at 5:00 so I had a round



2/22/72

National  
— Purchase  
— I bought 107 pieces  
of silver (100 of them coin) for  
\$275.00 It was ecstatic  
The dealer's name is Dave Beck  
And he's from Fort Wayne —  
My silver collection has now  
more than doubled — I also  
bought on Sunday of last week

Chapt.  
mailed  
out

---

23 pieces of coin for \$90; In total, I have  
spent \$365.00 on coin silver in one  
week — how glorious:



Smoked a  
de measure

February 25, 1972 - Friday  
Saturday Feb 26 - 72; Sunday Feb 27, 72.  
Friday aft + Sat aft - noon - Avery library and  
the dating, my newest silver; a good measure  
of success but I have more to do - it will  
require a trip to the City Public Library & thank;  
No dating, the silver is almost as much  
fun as the buying!



Volume II

I really feel rather good about volume I; it contains an account of my New York experience from the finding of an apartment in August of 71 to the conclusion of Chapter I of my dissertation in February 1972; those five months are nonpareils in my life and I am delighted to have an account of them so that they can be relived or recollected — at any rate — & I think I wonder why exactly I am keeping this journal or diary or whatever — It probably has something to do with age altho I'm not sure; I don't suppose it's strange that someone who keeps a journal also collects 19th C. American silver spoons and keeps them in a vault; the one implies the other in a way; Spectacular performance 3-9-72 of "La fille du Régiment" with Sutherland, Pavarotti & Resnais; Et n'est pas donné à tout le monde d'aller à Covent Garden & I suppose not everyone I meet shares



my enthusiasm about coin silver —  
well, that's OK; It's a source of pure  
joy for me and that's really a rare  
find — no pretending, no hypocrisy —  
all pleasure; How interesting —

Somehow the  
"Bazar Chapter" has gotten itself written  
great anguish in getting going altho it  
went very quickly once I got at it —  
I wonder when John Houston returns  
from Europe — I will, of course, want  
to have a chapter waiting for him when  
he returns; Someday I will enjoy re-  
reading all this immensely!



Monday, February 28, 1972; Tuesday, Feb 29, 1972  
Wednesday, March 1, 1972; Thursday, March 2, 1972  
While waiting for my first dissertation Chapter to be  
returned I decided to do some silver research —  
this I did on Monday at the NY Public Library —  
I have identified around 80 of my spoons — the  
others remain; Mundy Zoder from Vienna arrived  
at 9AM today (Mon) — she was sleeping when I  
left; Tuesday was a big day for me — my  
Chapter was returned and John loved it — was  
that set me going for while — I was so  
apprehensive about sending in the Chapter —  
It has been well over a year since I have  
had any academic feedback of any kind —  
I was delighted that John was receptive  
and indeed encouraging; After all  
that excitement the next project was  
to get Mundy to her plane — we had to  
go to Greyhound — her baggage was lost  
en route from Texas — we walked back &  
forth from Ave #41 to 12th Ave #41st  
finally a marvelous man at the



Port of New York authority baggage claim & complaint section recalled seeing a large black bag from Austria - Muddy & I were ecstatic - I was more or less playing the role of mother hen - showing her where to go & what to do; I didn't mind doing it even though she seemed not to appreciate my culinary efforts of the night before (stuffed pork chops) - she checked in at East Side Airlines Terminal - I said hello to Sally & we then went to Rockefeller Center where she was supposed to meet a friend - he never showed up - I said farewell to her thinking she was terribly young & incapable of handling herself in an urban setting - besides - she's really into the health food - new generation thing - What a bore! I stopped into Cheryl's office & we chatted for about an hour - I got the train uptown and had dinner with Joel - much of the evening



I dabbled at studying & wrote a card or  
two (Barbara Graves & Bell Soverk); And then  
went off to P.H.W. to see Betty Davis in June Bred —  
She really was beautiful in the role — She had  
the Mature Davis look but was young & had  
beautiful skin & all; a fun film and a new  
aspect of the Great BD!



At noon or so I went to Columbia's  
Butler Club - tried to work - very tired -  
came back here after having dinner  
at John Jay with Joel & some French students  
at Columbia - all of them are below  
me as far as exams & all that goes;  
I have all that (exams etc.) behind  
me - thank God; I ate supper  
on Wed night & smoked a cigarette  
and went to bed; Thursday was  
much better - I got up around  
noon & went to the bank & then  
off to the NY Public - very productive  
afternoon - re-read Stala & Rene -



Joined  
Jill at the Opera — We both thought  
we were going to see "La fille du Régiment"  
but it turned out that tonight was  
Falstaff with E. Davis, T. Ballois & Resnick  
very surprising & very well done —  
Verdi's last opera, a comedy — at  
must be next week that we see  
Sutherland & Pavarotti in Régiment.  
Mom & Dad left Florida today and  
should be in Penna soon — I'd like  
to see them again soon: Calvin is  
still in Washington (he left on Sun.)  
and it seems very quiet sans her.

Friday — March 3, 1972

Jill and I were going to go to the Butler  
Library; Jill wanted to have pizza at  
John Jay — Rena would join us; we  
gossiped & chatted all afternoon about  
the Fr. dept at Columbia, music,



Surround l'opéra and suddenly it was  
5 PM; I really wasn't into studying  
much & neither were Joel & Rena; En  
route to 321 Joel & I bought groceries —  
Claire (French friend "au père" of Denise  
(Calvin Corneille)) was coming to  
dinner — quiche aux epinards,  
salade de fromage blanc, haricots &  
Carottes — lovely dinner — unhappy  
Claire was a chued — an attractive  
young petty bourgeoisie from Lyon  
who was so un-lettered it was  
frightening; I left 321 at about  
1030 — Joel entertained that satte  
for about another hour & then took  
her home.



Saturday, March 4, 1972  
Up late; returned to 321 late in the  
day and was unable to do any  
studying - actually I mean  
writing - I'm just in the habit  
of saying "studying". Gail & I had  
dinner and I decided to take  
a bath.

Sunday, March 5, 1972  
Up in time for "20,000 yrs in  
Sing Sing" - Davis & the young  
Spencer Tracy (whose role reminded



me & Bogart) — Dave had a small  
part & no really good lever; She  
does, however, shoot a man,  
from her bed.

Joel & I had dinner  
broiled poulet, rice, peas — I was  
very hungry; finished Rene;  
made a honey & Caraway cake —  
watched The Maltese Falcon (Bogart)  
and went to bed — I had  
intended to go to Pennsylvania this  
week but will stay instead in  
New York — I want to attend  
a lecture on silver at the Parsons  
School on Wed & also go to the  
Caliscum Antique Show somewhere  
also — Sutherland's "La fille du Régiment"  
is Thursday. — It should be a  
good week.



Monday March 6, 1972

Tuesday March 7, 1972

Some day work & other do it. Mon & Tues fall into the latter category. I am at the point of writing my second Chapter & am dallying about before actually beginning to write - a usual practice for me - I hope that tomorrow I will be able to get it together, academically, and get some writing done. Certainly I can have this Chapter completed and off to John before the end of the month - that would be super.

Mon. afternoon was so frustrating at Avery library - I just couldn't write; I did some silver research for a few hours but nothing on my dissertation; Tues afternoon & evening were an academic joke - I dalled about; Virginia called on Tuesday - lovely to hear from her; she is madly preparing for



Monday March 6, 1972

Tuesday March 7, 1972

Some day work & other don't. Mon + Tues fall into the latter category. I am at the point of writing my second Chapter & am dallying about before actually beginning to write - a usual practice for me - I hope that tomorrow I will be able to get it together, academically, and get some writing done. Certainly I can have this Chapter completed and off to John before the end of the month - that would be super.

Mon. afternoon was so frustrating at Avery library - I just couldn't write; I did some silver research for a few hours but nothing on my dissertation; Tues afternoon & evening were an academic joke - I dalled about; Virginia called on Tuesday - lovely to hear from her; she is madly preparing for



her PhD exams - she'll probably  
do very well; I called Sheryl &  
we arranged a time to go to the  
Coliseum Antiques Show - probably  
Friday night - Rena & she & I will  
go; Wed evening is the lecture  
on American silver at Parsons School  
& Thursday Sheryl is coming to  
dinner & Jack & I will go to see  
Sutherland in La fille du Régiment.  
I would like to put in 6 hrs of good  
studying at the NY Public before  
going to the lecture on silver;  
I would like to buy some more  
silver at the Coliseum also -  
perhaps I will buy & worry  
about the financial matter  
afterwards - yes - that's what  
I'll do. + "



Wednesday, March 8, 1972

Rather strange day - I just could not get it all together - I went to the NY Public Around noon & got some writing done on Chapter 2 - that made me feel good but I still feel weird -

When the library closed I went up to Parsons School of Design at 1st Ave & 54th - Hinda Kohler gave a lecture on American silver and silver of other nations as well - She admitted me as her guest and I didn't have to pay the \$5 admission; I learned a bit about silver - surtout coin silver. The lecture lasted from 7 to 10 - I got the Lexington Ave train back to 321 and was very tired & went



to bed around 1 - fell asleep almost  
immediately.

Thursday, March 9, 1972

Arrived at Butler around 1 PM -  
Worked a bit & then went to Philosophy  
to meet Joel - He went over to the  
East Side to tutor; I bought some  
food - "supper" & salad & parmesan  
and returned to 321 to get ready  
for dinner - Joel & Sheryl were  
to arrive at 6:30; Sheryl's  
father had another heart attack  
and she couldn't come - Joel  
& I ate & went to the opera -  
La fille du Régiment - Superb -  
Sutherland, Pavarotti & Resnais -  
All first rate - beautifully received,  
Pavarotti's 9 c's & 10 flat in  
An Area in the first act were



truly remarkable; Sutherland was  
beautiful and sang beautifully —  
sang queer petits strange notes  
but who cares — This was one of  
our really enjoyable evenings at  
the opera — It's all very beautiful  
to be able to go to the opera on  
Monday nights — It sets a whole  
tone for the week — It seems so  
strange to have it (the opera) so  
near at hand — especially after  
having been in the provinces for  
so long; this city is just a  
fantastic place to live in — It's  
all happening here and here  
where I want to be right now;  
Tomorrow is the Antique  
Show at the Coliseum — Sheryl  
Rever & I will go in the early  
evening; I hope that there  
is much coin silver to be had  
at reasonable prices.



Friday, March 10, 1972  
Shannon Rober - I made no serious  
attempt at writing today; I accompanied  
Joe to Columbia when he did errands  
before leaving town (the Catskills) with  
Jacques Pepin & family. -

I arrived at the Coliseum at 530  
to join Rena & Sheryl - the show of  
Antique at the Coliseum was a "down" -  
not "junky" at all & expensive -  
my friend (cello guy a det guy of 1st class  
"beautiful" at Madison Square Garden)  
sold the 3 spoons she said she would  
save for me - there was quite a lot  
of coin silver about & it was expensive  
I looked it all over - I bought  
14 spoons (\$70) - I would have liked  
to buy more but my financial  
resources were limited at the time.  
Rena & I talked quite a lot; Sheryl



got grumpy & went home not long  
after we arrived - It seems very  
much in her character; & gathered  
many "Cars" from dealers here & there  
& found out about forthcoming show-  
next weekend there is one in Garden  
City and I think I will attend;

At my merry rate; Now Voyager  
was on the television - Magnificent  
film - pure Davis - I am becoming  
more & more convinced it is one of  
her best - this is the 2 or 3rd time  
I have seen the film -



3/11/72 I got up;  
in late afternoon and had some  
praten (hamburger) — polished  
my silver purchased the day  
before

3/12/72 Davis films — <sup>two</sup> Not Certain Woman  
and Old Acquaintance — the  
latter is superb — Davis as  
she was in her maturity yet  
very young & beautiful; the  
film was touching; No Amusing

thing is that the films overlapped,  
the former began one hour after  
the latter on different stations —  
so I had to jump back & forth  
between the two — I watched  
"Old Acquaintance" most intently;



At 321 I felt at a loss —  
a real down — I organized for  
a while & prepared for my trip  
to Pennsylvania; Reba called —  
Annoyingly — she is infatuated  
with me and is becoming a pest;  
Joel returned from his weekend  
in the Catskills with Pepen —  
very nice — he has been offered  
a job as translator with Jacques  
of a new cookbook; it seemed  
the lucrative & Joel was  
very excited; we summarized



Our weekends for each other &  
I finally got to sleep around 4 or  
5 & I had to be up at 10 to get  
my bus to Perma.

Monday, March 13, 1972

Deposited my 14 new spoons at the  
bank; went to the Port of New York  
Authority's got a bus at 1:05 for  
Scranton - dull bus ride from  
NYC - I couldn't even think or  
fantasize too well because I was  
tired - nor could I sleep; Mom  
met me in Scranton - Delighted  
to see her - she was glowingly  
bronzed & healthy looking -  
Apparently she & Dad had been  
quite ill after Allan's funeral;  
We did errands (returned  
lamps) and came home - wow -  
what a nice feeling; Dad, Russell &  
Helen were redecorating the



living room — new ceiling & all —  
when I arrived; I love the Chair  
& side of the Homestead; it's so  
invigorating — I need it every 2  
months or so; pleasant dinner —  
somewhat stiff because of Hinner  
(the painter) — we chatted; Mom &  
Papa were nicely interested in  
my silver — beautiful — they  
think I'm crazy but love it that  
way; what madness; I  
fell asleep after dinner & woke  
up (strange forces are at work)  
just as Sun City Scandals with  
Johnny Carson & Bette Davis came  
on the tube (10 PM) — Davis sang  
one of the songs she did in "Two's  
Company" on Broadway —  
She's beautiful; I enjoyed the  
show a good deal; it was some-  
what late when I retired — I  
showered; read Adelle Davis my mail etc  
and then went to bed in the pink room.



Mom + Dad brought me a beautiful  
abalone trivet from Florida - Dad got me 2  
Cartons of cigarettes in North Carolina

Tuesday, March 14, 1972

Hideous night; I was up late (4 or so).  
And largely because of a nap as well as  
many things on my mind I was unable  
to fall asleep until 7:15 AM - I was  
exhausted + annoyed at myself; I  
got up around 9:30 + did nothing of  
great significance all day - It was  
delightful; Mom + I talked of many  
things - "Where am I heading"; Calvin's  
immaturity; Don; Silver; Ornithology.  
In the afternoon Mom worked on a  
Crossword puzzle (a Bruegel "Flower  
in a tub") that I gave her for Christmas;  
Dad was making a birdhouse out  
of a coconut; Russell was ripping  
up the <sup>floor</sup> covering in the Club room  
and I (as I said in a letter to Earl)  
was expecting Le Pie Noel to arrive  
on the scene at any minute and  
enlist the services of the entire  
family. I wrote a letter to Earl;



paid my blue cross; sent in for a  
Subscription to the magazine Silver;  
wrote to the Credit Union for a loan.  
Dinner (Roast Pork); Herma who  
is currently painting the living  
room joined us; Mom & Dad watched  
Bully Graham (a religious demagogue);  
we watched the Grammy Awards  
Carole King "Call out my name" - best  
song; Marcus Wells MD - heavy  
on the morality and low on the  
medicine; all in all a relaxing  
day - just the kind of day I was hoping  
it would be - nothing of great  
consequence happened yet it is the  
kind of day that one never forgets;  
a lazy, cozy, blustery winter day  
at the Homestead; Tomorrow I  
will make an expedition to Carbondale  
to get my boat repaired; I have  
been reading Adelle Davis - I am  
going to try her recipe for "fortified milk".



Wednesday, March 15, 1972

Slept very well - which is my usual custom in Pennsylvania; the day got off to a slow start; a copy of the Zeta Zephyr arrived in which it states that I am an asst prof. of Fr. Lit at Oswego & that I got my MA + PhD from Indiana - How premature of them & how delightful; Dad drove me down to have my shoes repaired - Cobbler closed; we took a ride to Homestead via back roads to get some pants at the Army-Navy Store - no trousers; I bought a red shirt - we arrived back at the Homestead & Dad decided he wanted to see what was happening at Lakeland; When I got into the jeep he handed me some "Change" - later in the day I discovered that that Change amounted to \$100; the ride to Lakeland was circuitous to say the least; we did it all on back roads - but watching all the way - Saw 5 robins; not much else; very pleasant ride



And the kind of ride had enjoyed taking;  
I also enjoyed it immensely; it's  
one of the few times that we can talk  
and not argue or disagree; Some people  
talk while walking - others while riding;  
What is important is that it happens;  
We each seem to accept the other for  
what we are - that's what it's all  
about; dinner was sumptuous -  
Guinea fowl - rather like pheasant;  
after dinner we watched television  
(more Billy Graham; a spy thing etc).  
Mom & I finished "Flowers in a Tree"  
the Brueghel Crossword (no pg saw puzzle)  
She was assembling & we examined  
it too find out what flowers it contained;  
fun thing to do; I watched 'Come  
fly with me' - a drizzling air-  
line-stewards romance melodrama  
And retired; I wrote a page or  
two of my thesis early in the  
evening; tomorrow I organize for my  
departure.



Thursday, March 16, 1972

For some reason dad decided that I should get up early this morning; I got up + all but dad had no plans; I took my boots to the cobbler, went to Eyrion + bought some socks and tee shirts (fuchsia + green); stopped in at Bauman's outlet on Chubb's Street; went to John's Antique Bargains (en face de l'Eglise Catholique à Charbonville) where I bought 6 18th's Century (1790's) Corn silver spoons for \$10. They have no maker's mark but the shape, patina etc. seems to indicate that they are quite old; I even stopped to chat with Aunt Joan in Jernyn — She is Hal + well after her operation around Christmas; pleasant very pleasant chat as she dispensed Candy to every way in town; When I returned to the Homestead, Mom was busy setting for my Nieces + Nephews — Gorgeous kids but they began to annoy me slightly today —



Today was one of those days when I seemed  
to want discipline all around me;  
they, bless their hearts, were bent on  
inducing chaos; Happily Grandma  
Powell was around to curtail their  
every whim; Dad made the holes  
in my silver Key Chain - it's  
probably the nicest Key Chain I have  
ever seen; We had a small crisis  
at the Homestead tonight - the heavy  
rains inundated the basement -  
Homer, Dad & I (+ later Russell) pried  
up the freezer, refrigerator etc; got  
a pump going; Mother was very  
efficient throughout - it was  
such a mess and they all were  
rallying to the cause so efficiently  
that it made me laugh - I  
felt very non practical at the time;  
did my laundry; watched Dean Martin  
(a favorite of Dad); packed and retired.  
& Began to think about New York &



Am excited about returning -  
hopefully that bus from Carbondale  
is at 8 AM so I will arrive in NYC  
in time for the St. Patrick's Day  
Parade up 5th Avenue.

Friday, March 17, 1972

I awake naturally at 645 - somewhat  
surprised Denny had gone to bed around  
2; Cheese + milk for breakfast; my  
bus for NYC was at 9 + no 8; very  
pleasant ride to Carbondale on the  
way to NYC - Mom had an appointment  
at the hairdresser's; very friendly  
but distant farewells; the ride  
to NYC was slightly depressing  
& slightly exhilarating. " " "



Saturday, March 18, 1972  
Arrived at 321 around 4; Axel &  
Lauren were coming to dinner -  
We "did" Chicken Supreme &  
asprégs (no) it was Broccoli &  
green beans; Cottage Cheese,  
carrots & artichauts - well  
prepared & well received; pleasant  
evening - Axel & Joel dominated  
the evening - Lauren & I just  
listened & made occasional



remarks; When our guests  
left Joel & I talked for a bit &  
then I literally fell asleep

Sunday, March 19, 1972  
slept for 10 hours or so; Joel & I  
went to the College Inn for  
breakfast - then to Butler Library  
where I was told I could not  
enter because I was not a student;  
simply outrageous; Philosophy  
hall was similarly closed; Joel  
& I returned & watched the Avengers  
"Escape to time" I then had dinner



tomorrow the fast begins -  
I will attempt to eat sensibly;  
speak sensibly & work on my  
second Chapter. I haven't  
worked on my Chapter for  
about 10 days now & it's  
beginning to get me down.  
I must finish Chateaubriand  
in 10 days - yes - I can &  
will do it & be done with it.

Monday, March 20, 1972.  
Work on my dissertation went well  
today - I'm back into it after my  
10 day vacation - It seems that  
Chateaubriand is going to be a rather



substantial Chapter - hopefully  
around 35 pages or so; I vowed like  
to get somewhere near the end of my  
first draft by the end of this week -  
I see no reason why I should not be  
able to do so; I went to the bank  
Co maten to deposit my refund  
from Federal Income Tax (\$173.11) -  
and also to deposit the 6 corn silver  
spoons I bought in Carbondale; I  
wasn't able to get it together too  
well at the NY Public & so I returned  
to 321; I all & I watched "Intimate  
Strutting" - Czechoslovakian film -  
very "beguiling" & interesting; I  
worked efficiently at home & soon;  
rather good feeling; Tomorrow is  
my screen test for "Who/What/Where"  
and I hope it goes well; I have  
moderated my smoking & eating  
somewhat now; hopefully, the more  
I write the less I will eat & smoke



I suspect that I am more than  
ordinarily vain; that, I suppose, is  
not a mortal sin, however. It's  
good for my head & for my writing -  
amongst other things.

Tuesday, March 21, 1972.

My television career may have been  
launched this morning; I took the  
tests for Jeopardy and Who What Where -  
the former was fiendish, the latter,  
rather easy; Who Knows - perhaps  
I will be able to win some easy  
money - which I would doubtless  
invest in silver; I took the tests  
with Eric (Phila) & DE & Frank (Opera) -  
we were indeed a motley crew -  
I walked home from downtown  
and bought some health foods -  
I'm going to guess that a try now -  
actually it makes good sense  
because I don't eat very regularly



as I write (which I have been doing lately) and that would be a good health measure —

The foods that I bought are expensive but are doubtless good for me. And I intend to take them until it becomes unfeasible (whatever that means) — I suppose one could do worse; It seems weird to be eating lecithin, calcium lactate, <sup>vegetable oil, vanilla;</sup> magnesium oxide, wheat germ, Brewer's yeast, yogurt, eggs, milk & orange juice — all very healthy; and happily the taste is quite good; the evening was rather productive with reference to Chateaubaud — if all goes well I will be finished with the Chapter in about 10 days; that would be very nice; Before going to bed (330) Joe bargained me for about 40 minutes on golf.



names, places, statistics etc.  
I almost lost my temper - why  
I don't know - he was so  
insistent in supplying facts  
I didn't care to hear - It was  
silly that I should get irritated  
but I did - He made light of  
my writing this diary - which  
I have chosen to take rather  
seriously.

Wednesday, March 22, 1972  
Splendid day of writing - 15 pages or so;  
This is the kind of day that makes me  
think I might finish this thesis;  
When I am able to write, everything  
else seems to fall into place - Le  
Monde est en rose as the French  
say; I didn't even leave the  
building today - I just sat at  
the table and wrote; Tomorrow  
I must begin section 2 of Chapter



2 - which should be a very interesting  
one indeed; I am now confident  
that I can complete this chapter  
by the end of the month - how  
glorious; my health food regime  
continues - I can't really say that  
I feel like a new person but it's  
good, selon Adele Davis, for my body  
& doubly good for my mind. My  
writing went so well today that  
I am already thinking of my own  
little reward (after buying) when  
the chapter is completed. Bill  
Farhood will arrive for a visit  
tomorrow and we will have  
dinner - Sheryl also. I decided  
to rearrange the dolls & sejour  
today - I mean tonight - the  
new modifications are much  
better than the old - It's funny  
but the couch & writer chair seem  
remunent of Don's place on 89th.



Thursday, March 23, 1972  
good day for writing; I am now into the  
discussion of fictional techniques in Chateau-  
brand and hope to complete that segment  
over the weekend; I hope I can  
arrange it so that my weekend is  
un-cluttered - that would be very  
nice; It is so rare that I have a  
weekend to myself that I am  
looking forward to it; I wrote at  
home all day; Bill Farhood arrived  
at 4 (his interview at NYU was very  
successful); Sheryl at 6 PM -  
we all had dinner at Thompson Hall -  
the place can be recommended;  
It was jolly good seeing Sheryl  
again + Bill; Joel + I came back  
to 321 (Bill got the 7th Ave train for  
Penn Station + DC; Sheryl went to her  
bartending class at Columbia);  
I wrote much of the evening +  
watched "a day at the Races" -



with Jell - It is the first full length Marx Brothers film I have ever seen and it is excellent slapstick; young lovers; dattering old woman etc; Bushy Berkeley kind of interludes. Very eclectic and very amusing. It went off the air around 4 AM.

Health food continues - my stomach has been slightly upset this evening.

Friday March 24, 1972

Jell and I have just had one of our aesthetic arguments - What is art, what is propaganda, is art directed at an audience etc - very very stimulating and rewarding - we have such a discussion every three weeks or so - I love it; the day got off to a slow start - Columbia library by 2 - wrote for an hour



I went to the store and had  
a sumptuous dinner of Greek  
Salad & pork Chops — I straightened  
out some of my thoughts on the  
fictional techniques of Chateaubrand  
and managed to put them on  
paper before "The Odd Couple" &  
before "Psycho" — both of which were  
very good; Tony Perkins in Psycho  
is magnificent; Tomorrow I  
must make an attempt to get  
as far with Chateaubrand as  
possible; I would really  
like to have this Chapter in by  
the end of the month — if I  
can work as well for the next  
three or four days as I have  
for the last few — Louis is a bear:  
I have been "over vitaminizing" myself —  
I shall have to moderate the supplements



nutrition - I am experiencing a reaction to it - that bothers me.

Saturday, March 25, 1972

No weekend movie marathon continues

Thought it was Eisenstein's Potemkin (very good) and Dinner at Eight

absolutely marvelous - Marie

Dressler is superb - she steals the whole show - portly matron

who is superbly <sup>in</sup> control of the whole made social record of

the 30's in NYC - she remarks -

"5th Avenue isn't what it used to

be", "When I was young I was

rather gorgeous <sup>would</sup> - they named everything

after me - cigars, battleships,

restaurants ...". She speaks

lightly of her age. Say - "We

must have a little chat about

the Civil War sometime" -

She calls everyone "Duckie"



Mame Dressler  
also remarked — "I had  
lunch on the 88th floor today and  
a cloud floated right into  
my soup plate." On the same  
film, Lucy (the doctor's wife) says  
"You're two people: one is so  
magnificent; one is so shoddy."



Really superb; the day was  
academic; I believe that I have  
finally outlined the section on  
fictional techniques in Chateaubaud  
Hallelulah - I plan to write  
furiously for the next 5 days  
or so; Christened "Rice & Beef  
da Roma" at dinner - the  
recipe is on the Rice box - how  
Nekestran:



I seem to have straightened out the  
problem in my Chapter on fictional  
techniques — I will have this  
Chapter finished by the time Jay  
& Kathleen arrive on Thursday —

Today my writing went OK but  
nothing exceptional; I did and I  
went for a lovely walk about  
4 PM for groceries — the day  
seemed like Fall — it was  
brisk — the sun was radiant —  
I really felt like I wanted  
to be in Pennsylvania and  
really surrounded by the past.  
I will try and get tickets at  
the NYC opera tomorrow for



Jay, Kathleen, Joel & I; also will  
pick up Joel's picture at the  
Levynton Avenue Photo Shop.

Monday, March 27, 1972

Immense difficulty falling asleep  
last night - I was still awake at  
5:30 AM - switched - I thought  
everything imaginable -

Awoke up at 1:30 PM - went  
over, over. Got tickets for Opera  
at the NYC Opera for Sunday -

Jay & Kathleen will join Joel & I;  
I did some dissertation abstract  
research at the NY Public and then  
picked up Joel's picture & met him  
at 75th & 5th Ave - I walked - it  
was delightful walking up 5th Ave -  
I felt very aristocratic - NYC  
was beautiful at sunset -  
It felt like Fall and I loved  
it; the #4 bus brought us



back to the Upper West Side — I finished the fictional techniques section of Chateaubriand — It needs revision — tomorrow I would like to do all of the style section — It seems that I will be able to finish that Chapter soon; La Traviata (Moffo, Tucker & Merrill) sustained me as I wrote this evening.

Tuesday, March 28, 1972  
Gally G called at 10:15 AM & wrote me — It seems that she is now divorced from Ian — very interesting; we talked for 2 hours — tomorrow I think we will be going to the Frick Museum — It should be fun; I worked half heartedly on "Style" in Stala & Merrill today; not very much — I can't seem to think as clearly as I need to in order



to straighten out the Chapter;  
ah well - it will come; I have  
been a punie since you concern  
my diet today - enjoyed oat  
meal, fortified milk & steak  
& onions; I should like to  
maintain that for a few  
days; I dined alone - Joel  
dined with some Chums from  
school; laundry day it was;  
worked haphazardly all  
evening I am much too  
tired to really get down to  
work today. We got our  
subscription offer for tickets  
for next year at the  
Metropolitan Opera today -  
lovely. - we'll book the  
same seats for next year -  
the repertory for next  
year looks very diversified  
and exciting.



Wednesday, March 29, 1972

I worked from 2 to 6 and managed to plunge forward with style in Chateaubriand and discovered that I went slightly astray with the 3rd person narrative, suitout in Htala. No matter - that will get straightened out soon enough; Another one of those days when I didn't leave the apartment - I really like that. The evening was not nearly as productive as the afternoon - my mind seems clearest then; I have begun to get excited about the forthcoming visit of Jay & Kathleen and am planning on a Washington, DC trip as well as one to Pennsylvania for the Spring Migration - this could slow down my writing progress but today that doesn't bother me too much - it all straightens itself out in time



Thursday, March 30, 1972

Jay & Kathleen arrived at 8 PM - lovely to see them; I am really excited about their visit - the last time they were here was such chaos - the building we were living in had burnt - they had to sleep at Cheryl's on the floor - well, they are sleeping on quilts on the floor in the living room at the moment - it shows no quite comfortable; we have had a lovely evening - dinner (Chili, spinach salad + custard pie) - watched a very amusing English comedy "Canyon Muse"; the day got off to a start around 2 PM - I worked, enthusiastically at that, from 2 - 4 45 on Hata & Renee - I'm moving on for the fall, as we say, on that chapter. Tomorrow I'm not sure what I'm doing - I have to go to the bank.



Friday, March 31, 1971

an entirely non-academic day - and  
it's the end of the month - my Chapter  
will not be done for at least 10 days;  
that bothers me but not greatly;  
It has been a super-day - Jay, Kathleen,  
Joel & I had lunch at the Syron place  
on Broadway at 106th - I had mint  
tea; My health food continues  
despite the food I have been cooking  
for Jay & Kathleen - Joel went up  
to school and Joel and Kathleen & I  
went to the bank (they seemed  
interested in my silver - lovely)  
then we went thru Grand Central -  
Pan Am - 3rd Ave antique shops -  
Ford Foundation - Rockefeller  
Center, St Patricks, several  
galleries, Pizzalli's; Run  
soaked cashews, Lincoln Center  
and back - most of it on  
foot; very enjoyable and



somewhat tiring; we cooked  
dinner here (Sausage &  
Rigatoni & green pepper,  
Salade & Chocolate cake —  
we all over ate; very very  
relaxing evening; the  
television was on — An  
 Alfred Hitchcock film with Bob  
Cummings "Le Saboteur"; The  
most exciting news of the day  
is the fact that the Royal  
Ballet is coming to NYC & is  
going to perform Swan Lake —  
how superb — I must get  
tickets and good ones —  
there are some people who  
must go with me to see it;  
I am so ecstatic about the  
Royal Ballet coming now —  
this will be comparable to  
Nelson in Tristan & Isolde &  
Sutherland & Pavarotti in Requiem



I may stay in New York until  
Monday and join Joel there<sup>(wash)</sup>  
later on - I could possibly  
finish the Chapter before Monday.  
Nothing is certain - on Sunday  
morning I will be at the  
Metropolitan to get Swan Lake  
tickets - I want front orchestra  
for this one - Tomorrow is the  
International Auto Show at  
the Coliseum. I'm not  
terribly anxious about it all.

Saturday, April 1, 1972  
Breakfast at 321 - scrambled eggs, cheese  
& English muffins; Gorgeous day in NYC -  
we arrived at the Auto Show around  
1300 or so and had a pleasant 2 or 3 hrs  
there; A magician asked me to  
single out a card from the deck  
& he produced a deck of cards with  
only one card turned over - It was



the card I pulled - the Jack of  
Spades; rather well done - in  
fact, very nicely done; The cars  
which most impressed me were  
the Aston Martin and the Exelburt  
stately motor cars; we walked  
thru the Park to 75th & Madison  
& got the #4 bus back - Stopped  
at Dutch (Chicken breasts stuffed  
with almonds & apples; broccoli  
& green beans; Salade au fromage  
blanc & Cherry tomatoes; Cream  
puffs); Cafe bulot; very  
successful and nicely paced;  
we were eating from around  
9 until 2 or 3 AM - Rosemonde  
Bovey joined Joel, Kathleen, Jay  
& I - I enjoyed immensely  
the evening; dinner is  
a magnificent opportunity to  
be civilized - I love it;  
Rosemonde & Joel sort parties



around 330 - I washed dishes & retired; Kathleen dined; I am very pleased with the way the week end has been going - Jay & Kathleen seem to be enjoying themselves a good deal - I wanted to make sure the weekend was pleasant & non problematic for them - given the fact that their last visit with us was on New Year's when we were moving from the gutted 336 Riverside Drive; tomorrow is a Bette Davis movie (at 2pm) and Tosca at 7 at the New York City Opera - a rather fitting conclusion to a lovely weekend. I am contemplating staying here in NYC until maybe Wednesday and getting some work done - I must get some writing and relaxing done before I approach Wash, DC.



Sunday, April 2, 1972

Monday, April 3, 1972

Sunday got going slowly - around noon - Jay, Kathleen & I went up to Moma Joy's for sandwiches

It was Easter and I was

largely unaware of that fact -

the return trip to 321 was made via Mc Cathedral of St John the Divine

gorgeous - Jay & Kathleen were not terribly impressed - perhaps

they were but, as with most things, they are extremely

un-outward in showing their estimation of a situation - I

suspect that they are grateful & impressed at many times

but don't show it; we watched my slides - their reactions

were (well they said nothing)

I enjoyed seeing my slides;

we went to Tosia at 7 at



the New York City Opera - the tenor  
(Michele Malea) was weak; Mardon  
Uska (Tosca) & R. Fredrick (Scarpia)  
were excellent - Act II was superb -  
After the opera (which Joel & I  
enjoyed a good deal) we went  
to the Olympia - no Symposium -  
the Greek Restaurant on 113th -  
good food - relaxing & not too  
Chel - Baskin Robbins on the  
way back (fudge nut & Pistachio  
almond fudge) - The Empty  
Canvas (B. Davis) was on at  
2 AM → 4; lousy film; Dave  
was great however. I watched  
it until the end and for that  
reason was very tired when  
Joy, Kathleen & Joel left at  
11 o'clock - I tried to work  
all day but it didn't really  
happen - I even went to the  
NY Public - that lasted for only



about 1 1/2 hrs; took the 104  
bus back - slow ride -  
tried to work all evening -  
it didn't really happen -  
Rena called & how forced  
our conversation was. I  
will go to Washington on  
Wednesday around 1 PM -  
I hope I have a good day  
of writing tomorrow. I  
that would set a good tone  
for my 2 or 3 days in  
Washington.

April 4, 1972 - Tuesday  
I slept about 11 hrs - I was  
completely exhausted after the  
weekend.



I came back to 321 and had something to eat and thought I would get down to studying - not so - I sent a telegram to Belle Davis, Granville Rome, Italy - "Happy Birthday. Your unparalleled artistry, integrity and genius, like that of Brahms and Vermeer, make this a better world. Robert Powell 321 W 103, NY".

How superb if I should get an acknowledgement; How appropriate that the great Davis should be staying at the Grand Hotel in Rome; I was very excited about sending the cable; Virginia called this evening - she seemed tense about the exams (the 15th of April) - She wanted some Beaudelaire notes that she had lent to Jael - I will leave for Washington, DC tomorrow for a few days -



hopefully Uncle Maurice will  
have some silver to sell at cheap  
prices that would be glorious;  
I would like to be able to  
write in Washington; maybe  
I will be able to; I called  
Mont Dastoung - all is  
well; I told them that I  
will not be able to come home  
to bird watch - i.e. - go to the  
Finger Lakes for the Spring  
Migratory Flights. They  
seemed to understand that  
I have much to do at the  
moment - i.e. - Chateaubaud.

April 5, Wednesday - 1972

April 6-7-8-9 → Sunday

I got the noon bus for Wash  
DC - I tried (rather seriously)  
to write on the trip but was  
unable to as I have been for



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have some silver to sell at cheap  
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I have much to do at the  
moment - i.e. - Chateaubriand.

April 5, Wednesday - 1972

April 6-7-8-9 → Sunday

I got the noon bus for Wash  
DC - I tried (rather seriously)  
to write on the trip but was  
unable to as I have been for



about a week now; Joel & Calvin met  
me at the Greyhound Bus Terminal  
in Wash, DC - We went from there  
to Joel's and then off to Bill &  
Chris's for dinner (filet de sole  
belle mere, pain framais) - very  
good - the evening was pleasant  
enough but somewhat stiff -  
Joel & I had a very pleasant chat  
from midnight or so until about  
3 - We talked of much - Indiana,  
ourselves, etc - When we got  
up on Thursday it was decided we  
should see the Godfather with  
Brando - excellent film (film) -  
I apparently was misunderstanding  
because the film scared me -  
When we got out of the film we  
went to the Knox's - Jay showed  
his European slides - very personal  
in appearance; Kathleen cooked  
an Indian dinner - very



well prepared - Much of the  
food was unknown to me and I  
enjoyed it very much; She  
cut Joel's hair as well as my  
own later in the evening; The  
evening was very enjoyable  
and I went by much too quickly -  
On Friday PM we got up  
in the afternoon I went to  
Uncle Maurice's in Alexandria  
lovely man - young, &  
most enthusiastic about antiques  
We went & examined a Church  
he is considering buying in  
Downtown Alexandria - I  
was ever climbing about in  
the belfry - I loved the  
design of the Church &  
think he really ought to  
buy it; I had a pleasant  
silver Chat with him &  
purchased 12 coin teaspoons  
(82.16)



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(82.16)



very old & very loudy stuff; we  
losted from Heydenia to the  
American Film Institute in  
L'empont Plaza to see Von Strohm's  
Greed - another excellent film;  
Joel, Calvin, Jay, Kathleen, Bill  
& Chris in all attended; we  
went to the Farhords for a while  
after the film - I polished my  
new silver & the others chatted;  
we got up at 8:15 (Joel's father  
prepared pork chops for us &  
we ate them <sup>when</sup> we returned from  
Greed) - Calvin came by &  
we drove to Phila (at a very  
rapid speed) - Got the Metro  
liner from Phila to NYC -  
I loved the train - very comfortable  
I felt as though I were in  
Europe; Calvin is in good sports  
and apparently bears us no  
malice - which is very good;



Joel's parents (aunt's son  
père) showered us with food -  
1/2 case wine, steaks etc &  
bring back; their house is  
a veritable grocery; Mrs  
Block wanted to know my  
recipe for fortified milk -  
very amusing - she seemed  
not pleased with some of the  
ingredients - according to  
her source "raw eggs & strong  
vitamins" - Who knows?  
Very enjoyable weekend in  
Washington; It felt good  
to get away & very good to  
get back - lovely pile of  
mail awaiting us - my  
NY state tax return - Silver  
Magazines; Card from Earl  
on the Rivera etc; Joel &  
I ate & ate & watched the  
film Odyssey (Class shorts)



And the Andersonville Trial - a  
superb performance directed by  
George C. Scott

I must get  
my chapter in soon - also  
the application for the Portolá  
Grant in Bid - we go to the  
Opera twice this week - wow -  
where is the time going to  
come from? I shall have to  
find the time & that is all  
there is to it; Antique Flea  
Market at 42nd & 11th Ave  
tomorrow & also some writing  
must be done.

April 9, 1972, Sunday -  
in your manqué so to speak; Me



day got off to a good start - up  
around noon & off to the Flea  
Market at 42nd & 11th Ave -  
I bought 11 more spoons -  
6 from the 1790's; 2 from the  
1780's or 90's; 2 high coin sewing  
spoons & some coin tea spoons,  
\$50 for them all; the prices were  
not high - in fact just about  
right - I came back to 321  
around 3 PM - all in all the  
Flea Market was good - I'll  
go back next week - with  
Sheryl. Sally called - she's  
going to take 6 months off from  
Pan Am & have some of her  
stomach removed - in Penna;  
Her father had another  
colonay & all is not well  
in Pennsylvania; we chatted  
for about an hour or so;  
after dinner I took care



of my application (at last) for  
a Doctoral Student Grant in Aid  
for Research; worked on letters to  
Hope Houston for recommendation  
inquired about NDEA's; also  
about graduation dates; tomorrow  
I hope I will be able to do some  
writing of some consequence.  
Today was a disaster in that  
respect - I overate; over-smoked  
I didn't work on my dissertation.  
Tomorrow night is Academy  
Awards.

April 10-11, 1972 Mon-Tues.

Mom + Dad's anniversary - I haven't  
sent a card yet - well I'll get to it;  
No day was slightly academic -  
I'm getting back into the business  
of writing again - hopefully the  
Chateaubriand thing will be  
done with soon - I have been



At it too long; today (tue) has  
been a good day - I have  
essentially finished the chapter  
the revisions & corrections now  
have to be made - 2 or 3 days  
for that; I would like to begin  
typing this weekend perhaps.  
Rosemunde joined us for dinner.  
Steak au poivre (OK) -



(the coach's wife) in the Fast Future Show won the award, as did Jane Fonda. I had hoped the Fast Future Show would win but it didn't; I enjoyed the evening but grew somewhat tired of hearing the same conversation from stereotypical people - it was déjà vu, déjà entendu, and déjà entendu' - enough of all that; On Tue I awoke around noon and felt like going to the library at Columbia - I did & had a very productive afternoon - Rose & I joined Joel & I again for dinner - spaghetti with clam sauce - very good - We worked all evening - Joel & I have decided to stop smoking - let's hope it works; I got a post card from Ellen



today from Saak, C & -  
She went there on my request;  
got a great letter from Earl  
in Cap d'ail - he returns  
on June 27th; The Houghtons  
also wrote - they are returning  
on July 15 - I had a  
super day at the mailbox  
and feel very close to Earl  
and the Houghtons tonight  
I wonder if Betty Davis  
will reply to my telegram?

April 12, 1972 - Wednesday,  
Thursday<sup>13th</sup>, 2 spectacular days  
of April at the Opera. Don  
Carlo (the 12th) & Otello on  
Thursday. (McCracken, Zylis-Gora,  
Milnes - outstanding in Otello.  
The sets were so real it was  
like watching the Cinema -  
It is probably one of the best



operas in the repertoire; Jall & I  
sat in the orchestra, as we did  
for Don Carlo (Scupi, Corelli,  
Merrell, Macurdy, Caballe,  
<sup>Mugnon</sup> ~~Allen~~) Mugnon Dunn was  
superb; as was Merrell —  
Not to mention Corelli & Caballe  
(her last act was glorious) —  
It is unfortunate that Caballe  
resembles a fat cow — her  
voice is great for records but  
her appearance on stage pushes  
resemblance to the limits;  
I seem to have finished my  
chapter; I'm not really sure —  
It needs revision & addenda's  
but it works — I'd like to have  
it off to John in a week or so —  
Maybe I can have it finished  
by a week from Friday —  
that would be nice — Yesterday  
and today Jall & I have been



exercizing excessive virtue -  
we have both scorned  
cigaretts for 48 hours already -  
It's hard to believe - I was  
really tempted to buy some  
tonight, but I didn't -  
I expect I will not be  
able to stop completely altho  
for health reasons it would be  
wise - actually it makes good  
sense that I stop since I  
am taking health food also -  
For some strange reason I  
am feeling fat tonight -  
there surely is a remedy  
for all that - tomorrow  
I will more or less fast.  
I have to go to the bank  
tomorrow - I have a  
feeling I don't have too  
much in my account -  
my silver purchases have been  
large recently. I have to



put some new sponges in the vowel  
tomorrow - It's getting clogged in  
the vowel - Before long I'll have  
to rent another.

Friday, April 14, 1972

Saturday, April 15, 1972

At last, Chateaubriand is going  
into the typewriter. I began  
yesterday in the afternoon and expect  
to finish in about a week; I went  
to the bank yesterday & put in some  
more silver and had a look at  
my savings account - It's time  
to manoeuvre as one says; I  
talked to Virginia Lumsden about  
her exam (PhD) & matter - surely  
she'll do well - I typed rather  
vigourously today - listening  
to Beethoven Symphonies -  
Sheryl suggested we get a beer  
in mid-afternoon which is



What we did at the West End -  
very pleasant - we chatted  
about what has happened  
recently - Henry & Woodstock,  
her father, her art etc;  
I bought some food and  
returned to Chateaubaud -  
Joel and Rosemunde came  
back from "le Chagrin et la  
pitié" at 9.00 & we had  
dinner and spent a grand  
evening listening to music  
(Swan Lake, Saint Sæens  
Handel & Beyond the Range)  
Yesterday & today I have  
been smoking again -  
fil on me - "I think I'd  
better think it out again" -  
Tomorrow is the N.Y. Arts  
& Antiques Flea Market at  
6th Ave & 16th Street - Sheryl  
& I will go in the Apis min



Sunday, April 16, 1972.

Monday, April 17, 1972

Slept terribly on Saturday night — I was still awake at 6 AM Sun. morning — Sheryl called at noon — we went to the Arts & Antiques Flea Market at 36th<sup>st</sup> Ave & I spent only \$1.00 — great multitudes were present; there a few dealers remembered me — either from Madison Square Garden Antique Show or from the Flea Markets last fall at 6th Ave & 36th — I was pleased & not terribly surprised. I saw about \$100 worth of silver that I will buy when my financial resources are more stable than they are at present; that will be soon I hope; We went to Sheryl's afterwards & had a pleasant time we chatted and Sheryl showed me her drawings & we played



at lettering with her new  
pens; we drove to 321st  
& cooked Chicken parmesan  
& carrots - yummy. Since  
it was raining we decided  
not to do a movie - Moreover  
Sheryl didn't want to see  
Calcut - I typed and  
continued to read Crime  
& Punishment - excellent  
although Hostensky's  
interventions in the text  
are beginning to annoy  
me - I plan to continue  
reading many of the novels  
I have always wanted  
to read but have never had  
the time to do so - Next,  
I think, I will read a  
Dickens novel - probably  
Great Expectations. On  
Monday I typed all



day at home and managed  
to get several pages done - my  
mind was not quite in  
gear to work today, nevertheless  
I produced some good writing -  
I have eaten as a pig all  
day long and am feeling  
some porcine at the moment -  
but am looking forward  
to reading Modern Crime &  
Punishment.

Tuesday, April 18, 1972

Wednesday, April 19, 1972

On Tuesday I devoted 12 hrs to the  
revision & typing of section 1 of chapt 2 -  
It's taking shape; as is Crime &  
Punishment - I'm over half  
way through it; on Wed.

I guided Jim on the use of the  
NYC subway - he had to go  
to 58th & Lex & so we went -



on the 7th Ave. to Times  
Square; Changed to Flushing  
Train & then Changed to  
the 5th Ave. Love It - I  
Went on to Astor Place

When I  
returned to 321 Denise &  
Joel were there - we had  
a glorious dinner - steak,  
spinach salad & strawberries  
and then went to see  
Natalie Fariente at the  
Columbia Mason Program  
She is OK; I am really  
in a super mood of late -  
I'm sure it has a lot to  
do with the fact that I am  
writing and making progress



Everything is OK when I am  
able to write; Surely it seems  
I will be able to complete the  
dissertation this year - what  
a glorious day that will be.  
Sometime this weekend I  
plan to 'Culture mon jardin' -  
i.e. - plant flowers & herbs etc  
in the black bathtub on our  
terrace - that should be fun.

Monday, April 20, 1972  
Friday, April 21, 1972; Sat - April 22  
Monday was a bad day - I  
got up and tried to write and  
was unable to - I typed a page  
or two & couldn't go on - I spent  
much of the afternoon reading  
Crime & Punishment; Fri was  
better - I made some progress -  
Jill & I went to the Mc Donald's  
on 96th & Broadway - what a



event - a Mid. Maled in  
New York; there were hundreds  
of people inside on the opening  
day; we worked in the  
evening (somewhat) -  
Rosemonde joined us for dinner  
& left around 10 or so - I  
had resolved at that time  
to type all day today -  
unfortunately I didn't get  
to sleep until 6 AM - I  
read the the End of Crime  
& Punishment - great novel -  
altho I got annoyed at  
Dostoevsky's authorial  
interventions - rather  
coarse from an aesthetic  
point of view - got up  
around 2 & went to the  
store - typed in the  
afternoon - Elmer Gantry  
in the 9 PM movie - very



good - It's been over 10 years since  
I saw it; the man who played  
Bobbitt was excellent as were  
Janne Simons & surtout Burt  
Lancaster; I begin reading  
Roderick Hudson & Henry  
James tonight. I'm most  
curious to - I am really  
enjoying my novel-trip at  
the moment - it makes me  
feel good and that's mypt.

Virginia called Ce soir - she  
passed her PhD exams - Brava!  
14 others passed in même  
temps; that makes me feel like  
I should have finished my  
dissertation d'jà - oh, well -  
what's the hurry, I am  
making constant progress  
and will doubtless finish  
it by the end of this year -  
What a glorious day that will be.



Sunday, April 23, 1972

Monday, April 24, 1972

Academic day - I am typing  
the final draft to Chapter 2 -  
I can only manage to do about  
10 pages/day - not bad but  
it seems to be slow work - of  
course, I am revising &  
reworking ideas as I go  
along - I may even get  
proficient enough later on  
to compose at the typewriter  
that would be speedy indeed.  
Notwithstanding I expect  
I will complete this Chapter  
tomorrow and send it  
in to John on Wednesday -  
I am very pleased with  
it & I hope it will be as  
well - for the past two  
days I have gotten up



Around noon and worked  
until midnight - Sunday  
dinner was purchased at  
McDonalds - there are over  
50 people who work there -  
that seems startling to me -  
I believe I will give a  
hard another try - I seem  
to be making good progress  
with Roderick Hudson - the  
style of Henry James is gorgeous -  
I find myself underling  
belles phrases continually -  
His vocabulary is inspiring.  
Today Jell & I had a grand  
chat about Mendelssohn -  
We heard Klemperer conduct  
the Scotch Symphony and both  
decided that he gave a  
magnificent reading - Klemperer,  
like Purtonaugh, is of the  
old school - majestic, undulating



and expansive readings -  
it's the pre-Toscanini  
super aggressive attitude.

Tuesday, April 25, 1972  
Chateaubriand, Hélas! is  
finished - I spent the entire  
day wrapping up this Chapter  
I am rather pleased & hope  
that John will be as well.  
I will have it photocopied  
tomorrow and send it out  
in the afternoon - The  
procession must go on -  
hopefully I will start on  
Chapter 3 tomorrow -  
if not, then on Thursday.  
My telegram to Bette  
Davis cost me \$18.75 - not  
bad. How glorious it would  
be were she to reply!  
Bill Fink & Sheryl - Birthday cards  
sent out on Wednesday the 26th.



Wednesday, April 26, 1972

Thursday, April 27, 1972

Woke at noon Joel & I lunched at  
John Jay - Pizza - Crown Room; &  
then went to "Papyrus" and  
bought Great Expectations & Main Street  
And in the afternoon read Podunk  
Hudson - the evening was  
delightfully uneventful - I  
wrote letters - to Earl, Sheryl &  
Sovik; and then most royally  
to bed - Slept badly - met Joel  
for lunch & he loaned me \$100 -  
I did my laundry & then  
read some more Henry James -  
Rosemunde & Joel returned around  
7 & the former cooked dinner -  
She & I cooked the Asparagus -  
the pork chops were very good -  
Bill Farhorn called - he's  
been accepted at NYU - I enjoy  
talking to him; I typed



Jell's Mammacaper for  
Rouditz & Gubel on Le  
Croix on non - I bought  
a new pair of pants at the  
Army Navy store on 100th  
street or so. A Puerto Rican  
Change <sup>woman at the</sup> laundry at 106th,  
an elderly Russian woman  
who struck me as being very  
intelligent & I had a chat  
at the laundry as to what  
was wrong with this Country  
such a Circus.

Friday, April 28, 1972  
I finished Rodeck / Hudson  
tonight - a superb novel  
altho it has some minor  
faults - too many coincidences  
in the narration for example,  
yet the style is magnificent  
and thoroughly delightful.



Jeffrey called Joel & son - he will be  
going to Paris for a holiday with  
Lady Maubyn on May 7 - Lady M  
will join Sir Jeffrey three weeks  
later; this is the first time Joel  
& Jeffrey have spoken in over  
a year - Joel is filled with  
ineffable joy. How grand it  
will be to see Sir Jeffrey at  
the airport a week from Sun.  
Rosemunde brought over the  
lion - stayed about 1 hr -  
Joel & I were so amused by her  
comportment her son & surtout  
her Augustin feats -

{ DOM - dirty old man;  
nod out - fall asleep.  
litites (a favorite word of hers)  
cettele de porc baroque  
quied the lilly  
bullet peas  
Psycho drama  
Sclerose

all this in one  
evening



Saturday, April 29, 1972

Sunday, April 30, 1972

Gally called me at 7:30 AM &

Chat! I hardly remember  
the conversation - It seems

that she is leaving NYC earlier  
than she had anticipated &

wants me to help her move -

I must call her tomorrow &

find out what I said to her;

Saturday was lonely but

unproductive - Rosemond

& Gail & I went to McDonald's

for lunch - we bought

dinner on the way back -

Around 10 Rosemond left

I & Gail worked - I wrote

to Jay & Anne a very jansian

letter - readed with Lysanne

vocabulary etc; then I

watched Elizabeth & Essex

with Dave & Flynn - really



super - done in 1939 - Dave's  
first color film; Sunday at  
noon or so (I forgot about daylight  
savings time) I went to Sheyl's  
We went to the Flea Market -  
I took Sheyl a potted geranium  
as a birthday token - She  
seemed appreciative in her own  
way; the flea market was  
neutrie - not much of anything  
I made no purchases -  
We got the train uptown and  
had dinner - Sheyl stayed  
until the "Salute to Bug" came  
on - It was super - all of  
the Metropolitan Superstars  
were on - I was really well  
done - I typed Joel's paper  
on Mithridate & then withdrew.  
I seem to be feeling at a loss  
with my play some I sent in  
my Second Chapter - It's



the usual feeling —  
depression — hard to explain  
but I always feel that  
away when I finish a  
Chapter — It will pass  
I am trying to get Balzac  
in order now — It shouldn't  
be too difficult once I begin —  
Ca, Kessler Probleme I



Monday, May 1, 1972

Went to the bank at noon - Crisis  
need money; bought some more  
Leathum & came back to 321 -  
studied & cleaned off the terrace  
I will plant some seeds soon  
The soil looks abundantly rich  
in the bath tub on the terrace



It is an almost unbearable  
thing for me to know I have  
advance plans - I almost begin  
to hate to do what I am expected  
and don't dislike doing; I see it  
an infringement on my privacy &  
all; I have done some good  
Balzac reading today - Hopefully  
John will return my chapter soon -  
maybe demain - probably Wed -  
I called Sally & we chatted  
for about an hour or so - It  
seems odd that she will not  
be in N.Y. - she has been here for  
about 8 years and now she  
has to leave for medical reasons.



Read notes in the apr. midi  
Cleaned off the terrace & made ready  
the tub for the seeds; read  
Dickens in the evening

Tuesday, May 2, 1972

Wed, May 3,  
1972

There must have been a moon  
wobble today - it has been plus  
on minus manqué all the way -  
Chapter 2 was returned by John -  
He wants me to cut some of it  
I get rid of the word Ciceronian -  
that should be easy enough -  
He's going to Europe & won't be  
back until end of June - I  
would love to have a couple  
of chapters for him at that  
point; Calvin & George  
Arrived at noon & moved  
out Calvin's things - he  
also brought up the air -  
conditioner that we have  
bought off Billy. I installed  
it & it seems to be working  
beautifully - hopefully we  
will not have to buy a  
second one for the bedroom.



Cabin will  
- come on wed. for her  
things; a productive but  
not entirely noteworthy day. I  
called home - all is well - I  
may visit them in about  
10 days.

I cancelled out (ostensibly a cause  
du Calves on my dinner invitation  
at St Marks Place) - went  
instead to hear Otto Fllow's lecture  
on the occult in the 18th Century -  
he's super; as me used to say -  
I bought some seeds & will plant  
them soon - in the tub bien sûr;  
Tomorrow I am going to go to  
the New York Public Library &  
get to work on Balzac - I  
must find the Chronique de  
Paris of 1836 (?) & his article on  
landscape in the novel - also  
the Avant Propos of 1842. I feel  
better at this moment than I  
have felt all day - Hopefully  
I will get some blissful  
moments of sleep - Cabin still  
is looking for a job - how  
frustrated he must feel - I know  
a valuable (though at times diffident)



experience having been here  
for those few months —  
I'm afraid I'm not as  
tolerant as I thought I  
was — perhaps Calvin is just  
more abusive than Norma

Thursday, May 4, 1972  
Friday May 5, 1972

Don Beck  
offers me  
100 more  
Coin  
Spoons



saw quelques pages de Balzac in  
a notebook; Joel saw a mouse in  
the bedroom - we are calling him  
Hector; On Friday: Joel & I  
were going up Broadway to  
have lunch when we saw a great  
throng of people on the sidewalk at  
112th - Barbara Streisand in  
person - making "Up the Sandbox"  
I really felt great about being  
in NY - Streisand was sublime -  
after lunch she was at Cathedral  
Parkway & Broadway - more  
shooting - there were all sorts  
of Hollywood-types around -  
very exultant; I wrote  
"Don't this evening; Played  
"Cavalera Rusticana"; read some  
of Ellsion's perdue; Joel &  
Vronica & Carol (?) came back for  
a drink after the Fr-dept  
Party at Columbia - they left at 2



{ Saturday, May 6, 1972  
Sunday, May 7, 1972  
Monday, May 8, 1972

Saturday was *manqué* from beginning to end; I overslept and called Sally around 1— she had already parked & was on her way; we promised to keep in touch; then Axel called & cancelled our dinner invitation in Scarsdale; Joel & I had lunch at McDonalds. Then studied the rest of the day — we watched some stupid television (1½ hrs) & went to bed; Sunday was equally *manqué* — we got up around 10 or so I went to JFK to see Jeffrey — we arrived at 4 or so & waited until 645 for Jeffrey he seemed nervous and



not terribly cordial - looked  
unchanged from the last time  
I saw him (2 yrs ago); He was  
off to Paris for 6 weeks - Lady  
Marilyn will join him in  
three weeks - He didn't seem  
to understand the amount  
of time & money required to go  
from Manhattan to JFK - that  
annoyed us for he seemed  
ungrateful; We arrived  
back at 321 around 10 PM -  
Almost all day had been  
spent on Jeffery & he seemed  
unappreciative of the effort -  
Jill suitour was most annoyed;  
Monday - Not a single piece  
of mail - I read 233 pages  
of Ellusion Perdue today -  
That's about all I did -  
It's very cold outside now &  
raining - I hope my seeds



Survive this ordeal;  
I wrote a quick letter to Virginia  
asking her for my 19th c notes;

Tuesday, May 9, 1972  
I continue to read Illusions  
Perdue - hopefully I will  
get through it tomorrow -  
maybe not; It doesn't seem  
to have as much in it as I  
would have liked; Perhaps I

haven't thought about it enough yet -  
anyhow - I'll have to read Le Lep d'au  
la Vallée & see what's there; I went  
to see Philipps & Penzulli at Blue  
Tully Hall -



Tomorrow  
night I will see Hobbe Guller —  
maybe — at cory with Mah —  
Which means I will spend the  
afternoon at the NY Public Library.  
The day seems to have been  
somewhat ordinary — Not that  
it need some superlative distinction —  
but it just seemed rather  
un-eventful — I read all day  
and enjoyed Balzac very much —



by the end of this week I will  
have read about 1000 pages of Balzac  
in 6 or 7 days - Saturation.

{ Wednesday May 10, 1972

{ Thursday, May 11, 1972

{ Friday, May 12, 1972

These days of late have been Balzacian.  
I have read 1000 pages - all of  
"Illusions Perdues" & "Le Lyz dans la Vallée".  
I am about ready to write; perhaps  
on Sunday that will take place -  
I would so much like to get this  
Balzac Chapter done with good  
speed; I have been feeling a  
bit low as of late and that  
would help a good bit; On Wed  
I went to the Hippodrome & read  
until 530 & then joined Max  
at CNY for dinner & Robbe  
Gruet - Not very exciting  
I felt somewhat trapped



into going; on Thursday I read  
in the Park - a lovely place to  
read "Le Ly dans la Vallée" - Joel &  
I went to the new Sloans on  
110th or so + Broadway - very nice  
but the prices are much higher  
than elsewhere; on Friday I  
walked to McDonalds with Joel  
for lunch - then I read in the  
Park at 103rd - lovely - I will  
go there again; Donald keeps  
writing me about coming to Holland  
for the summer - I can't - I  
must write and so it will be;  
tomorrow we will go to  
Stardale for the evening; also  
we will buy a book that  
Donald has requested - Somewhere  
on Madison Ave and 78th or so;  
I hope I will be able to be  
more definite about my financial  
plans for the next few months soon.



I fantasized about teaching  
at YW today very heavily -  
I also thought about  
moving; I suppose it is  
a seasonal malaise or  
something; my plants are  
beginning to emerge from  
the soil in the Victorian  
tub for bathing on the Terrace.

{ Saturday, May 13, 1972  
Sunday, May 14, 1972  
Monday, May 15, 1972

As would think that the 3 day  
lapse would indicate pressure  
activity - on the contrary - I  
have been trying to get Balzac  
organized; Sat. we went  
book shopping on the East  
Side for a book called Dutch  
Museums for Doreed I then  
went to Fairdale to see Hyl



I Lauren; I really felt marvellous  
walking around New York on  
Saturday afternoon - It was  
balmy & exhilarating - I also  
love the idea of a commuter  
train to Scarsdale - It was  
a nice evening - I got  
himself involved in a conversation  
about aesthetics in which I  
I emerged victorious -  
Lauren has unnatural feelings  
toward their dog - talk about  
a Chud substitute - It's really  
somewhat sickening - Can you  
imagine what would happen  
if that dog were a Chud - he  
would need a shrink by age 2;  
we got a 1230 train back -  
the Shuttle & the B'way local were  
particularly seedy - Sunday  
was rainy from beginning to  
end - I got<sup>a</sup> sandwich for



Joel at Mama Joy's — the day was academic —

Monday was essentially *manqué* — got up late because we watched "North By Northwest" & Bullets & Bullets on the telly until 4:30 — I mailed Don's book to him and a letter explaining that fact — came home and worked a bit; Dinner; Russ Pfohl & Joel talked for about 2 hrs; Bette Davis and Peggy Wood were on Dick Cavett — BD was subdued — she was there as assurance for Peggy Wood — (they are friends) — Davis looked great — I decided to go to Pennsylvania tonight — I will leave tomorrow about midday after the mail arrives.



I might add that I had a conversation with  
a crazy woman (noteth) who commented the fact  
that there is no longer a mental bus - worse.

May 18, 1972

Tuesday, May 16, 1972; May 17, 1972  
Tuesday's mail brought me <sup>\$1</sup>350.00 from  
the old Grad School - a Doctoral Student  
Grant in Bdg Research - lovely - it  
really came at the right time - just  
when I need it; I have also  
decided to apply for an PSEA loan  
+ well as money from the CU Credit  
Union - that ought to settle my  
financial trouble for the moment.  
I got the 1PM bus from Port  
Authority for Scranton - I read  
Aukens on the bus - and arrived  
in Scranton rather quickly - I  
went + waited for 2 hours for  
the Carbondale bus only to find  
out that the bus doesn't exist -  
how infuriating - I abhor  
the lack of public transportation  
in province; Dan came +  
picked me up - Laurie + April  
were along - they were filed



with much enthusiasm - how  
exhilarating. Tuesday evening  
was fun at home - we  
talked a good deal & watched  
television - I love being home  
for a few days - I shared all  
my news (not that much)  
with Mom & Dad - the opera -  
Corn Silver; Streisand; Dad's  
favourite singer is Maria  
Callas; on Wed I went  
to the bank (I left loan) -  
Carbondale is so small -  
It's really amazing - I'm  
not sure whether Carbondale is  
like a play house or a movie  
set - it doesn't seem real -  
Wednesday evening television -  
not so much but we  
watched it all; Monday  
I took some pictures at  
home - Antiques, Homestead -



etc - I had already taken 20 or so  
pictures at Russell's - they may  
be very good - I spent Wed  
afternoon there - April is most  
contumacious - she cut her chin -  
Laurie is a sweet creature - they  
played and I photographed them -  
Puss gave me a guided tour -  
peacocks, ducks, poultry of  
various species and pigeons -  
in the aded loft - Homers,  
Archangels, Satinets, Turnales -  
oh la nostalgie, la nostalgie!  
Even typlers - Can you believe!  
Wow! All came rushing  
back in great swells - I  
Thursday (evening) Russ,  
Mom & I reminisced - it  
was marvelous fun - we  
all waked paths & such -  
about the early days of our  
lives - the gay business -



our Creed hood pts; our  
ethical codes; Russell  
enjoyed it a good deal —  
Mom & I discussed ethical  
Codes in early afternoon —  
She is the summa of her  
generation's beliefs — everything  
is black & white for her —  
everything that varies from  
her beliefs is wrong. In  
the morning I rode with  
Dad in the jeep while he cut  
grass — that was very  
pleasant — it was very  
amusing to hear him  
lament Russ's cutting down  
some locust trees in the  
former "flats" — It  
has been a good visit to  
Carbondale — I am,  
however, ready to leave & will  
do so tomorrow in the PM.



May 19, 1972 - Friday

May 20, 1972 - Saturday; May 21, Sun.

Ms. I stayed on in Carbondale until Saturday morning at 9 AM at which time I got the Short Line Bus from Carbondale for New York - Mrs. J. Cullen took me to the bus -

She came around 8:45 and I was somewhat uptight momentarily because I thought I was going to miss the bus; I made it; On Friday I went to Eyrum Drug on some errands for Mom - a new needle for the Sterex, some vitamins & Durstan.

I almost bought some shoes but decided not to; I did finish "Great Expectations" while I was in Carbondale and was somewhat disappointed by the Moby-like conclusion -



Friday evening was rather uneventful altho I enjoyed it a good deal - television with Mom and Dad - they went to bed at 1130 & stayed up and watched a rewritten Biblical epic with Anthony Quinn - "Barabbas" - I should have turned it off shortly after it began but I felt like watching television so I watched until the bitter end; needless to say I was quite tired at 730 AM when Mom woke me for the bus - After having done no academic work for a week I felt somewhat tired but thought that by returning to NYC I would get back to work - No luck - I was so tired on Saturday afternoon and evening.



that I couldn't work - Nessel &  
Anngave me two ducks & 2  
guinea fowl to bring back -  
Jill & I had the Duck on Sun  
with orange sauce - a most  
felicitous culinary event;  
I began reading Main Street  
by Sinclair Lewis on Sat -  
retired early - happily I  
slept rather well on Sat night  
I got up around noon on Sun -  
began to work - no luck -  
cooked the duck & watched  
"The Lady Vanishes" - very  
amusing - Dame May Whitty  
was marvellous as the spy;  
I have been having a most  
terrible time writing - all  
day I have tried to write  
and nothing has resulted -  
most frustrating - there's  
always tomorrow and all



that, I am beginning to feel  
paranoid about the dissertation.  
I wish it were finished —  
that's all I can think about  
and that is probably why  
I can't write — the only  
way to avoid such thoughts,  
I suppose, is to write and  
maybe that incomplete  
feeling will go away.

Hopefully I will get the  
first section of the Balzac  
Chapter done this week —  
that would be lovely —

May 22, 1972 — Monday  
Laurie's birthday — I mailed out  
an appropriate card + \$ for her  
pig bank; Joel & I went to  
Columbia — Joel had some  
errands — I managed to  
write 5 pages on Balzac —



"Main Street" is a superbly written novel; I also sent in my request for a PHEAA loan - how nice if that would resolve itself soon - Zero at the mailbox Co matter.

May 23, 1972 - Tuesday  
Zero at the mailbox; lunch at Columbia - "Papyrus" books was having a sale - I bought 6 Henry James novels at half price - that will be my reading assignment for the summer - or a good part of it - I do enjoy reading when I am not working on my dissertation I have discovered the joys of the American novel - Sinclair Lewis so aptly describes an American small town that it is frightening; Balzac proceeds it needs revision but it proceeds



By the end of the week I expect  
I will have finished the  
first section (landscape) in  
Balzac — then again — if I  
don't it's not a "crise" —

however I would enjoy that  
feeling which comes from  
having written an intelligent  
paper — Surely Balzac will  
be in good shape by the time  
John Houston returns from  
Europe — i.e. — Balzac will  
be completed!

May 24, 1972 — Wednesday

May 25, 1972 — Thursday

Wednesday was one of those  
ugly creative deep filled  
with "fausses couches". Thursday  
was just the opposite —  
I managed to put together  
15 or so intelligent pages.



and am currently feeling very good about it; At last Balzac is taking shape as I knew he would - talk about the agony and the ecstasy - It's so depressing when the words won't flow and so in - credibly gratifying when they do; Today (Thurs) is one of those days when it seems that I may get my dissertation finished during the current millennium and that it may very well be quite good; Yesterday I got my slides back from my recent trip to Carbondale and I was delighted with the result - I will have one of the pictures of Mom enlarged for her birthday - She'll love it - two outstanding pictures of Laine, April & William and several good ones of Mom's



china & silver - particularly  
some silver and the coat  
of arms as well as a Cruet  
Set & a silver water pitcher.  
I continue to read Main Street  
to my extreme pleasure. On  
~~Wednesday~~<sup>Tuesday</sup> night I got so  
over-wrought about rubbing  
able to write that I was up  
until 6 AM trying to fall  
asleep - I was so upset that  
I really almost began to  
sneep - Wednesday night  
I slept like the proverbial  
baby (9 hrs); Jall's semester  
ended today with Otis's exam  
and he may leave for Wash.  
tomorrow - for 2 weeks -  
Hopefully I will have  
completed Balzac by his  
return - the question of much  
poor resolve is whether I will



deal with Balzac - I suppose I  
should but I really am getting  
impatient to finish this dissertation -  
One of my projects for when fall  
is in Washington is to lose  
about 10 pounds - Vanity,  
Vanity - vanity - Not admitting  
your vanity is worse I suppose  
than being such and readily  
admitting it. I shall have to  
go to the bank tomorrow which  
means I shall work at the NY  
Public library in the afternoon -  
in all likelihood.

Friday - May 26, 1972

Saturday, May 27, 1972

I went to the bank around 2 &  
withdrew some cash; spent the  
remainder of the après-midi at the  
NY Public library - An about 8  
bassoonists were playing the



Brandenburg Concertos in front  
of the HyPublic - very delightful,  
I seem to have finished part I  
of Balzac - alas! Friday  
evening Joel & I watched  
the odd Couple (I 'accuse') -  
Love American Style & Suspicion  
by Hitchcock - excellent -  
Gretchen Joan Fontaine -  
She was somewhat "Garbo"  
in this film - altogether beautiful.  
Cary Grant was his usual  
unctious self. Saturday  
we had lunch at McDonauds  
& I went with Joel to the  
train - he paid my tokens  
I returned to 321 and began  
to work - got to get accustomed  
to being alone - naturally  
it will take a day or two -  
but I expect no problems  
getting used to solitude -



I usually find solitude  
very very productive; I would  
like to complete Balzac before  
Joel & Virginia return to NYC —  
that would be very nice —  
She called last night to inform  
us of her plans — I'm delighted  
she can come to NYC for a day  
or two; I wrote a super  
letter to Earl tonight and began  
outlining the fictional technique  
section of Balzac — I also  
cleaned the kitchen (symptom  
of my not wanting to write as  
well as anticipation of Virginia  
coming). It seems that  
I am at Indiana again  
during the summer of 1969  
studying for my PhD exams —  
My behaviour strikes me  
as being similar now as  
it was then.



Sunday May 28, 1972

Monday, May 29, 1972

At the moment I am feeling good for two reasons: 1) I have finally, after two days of efforts, got myself into the fictional technique section of the Balzar Chapter and 2) I have finished Main Street of Sinclair Lewis. Such a novel — it is overwhelming — such a devastating portrait of the American middle class when it rushes itself in a village & succumbs to what Lewis calls the "Village Blues".

Yesterday I bought the Times and walked up to Grant's Tomb and then back via Riverside

Park — lovely walk — all day I worked & wrote & then did a letter to Laila — a minor masterpiece, y'd may be so presumptuous as to say so — I love the letter



I will photocopy it; I was very  
frustrated last night about not being  
able to write that I watched David  
Siskind - that's about as low as one  
can go - He is such an inveterate  
silliputian and a flatulent buffoon  
that it is not to be believed - He  
subjects me - stopping smoking &  
Rent-a-bud's a date for his  
agency; naturally he made  
statements about me based  
on his own personal beliefs &  
simply wallowed in a moralizing  
self righteousness - I began  
to hate myself as I watched it  
but was frustrated about not  
writing; Today has been tranquil  
and productive - I've stayed  
in all day - except one expedition  
into the terrace to water my plants -  
It seems that the Sweet Peas are  
growing the best of all; Sheryl



Called around mid-day (3PM)  
We Chatted at some length &  
didn't really say much. I was  
supposed to go down to her place  
today (I intended that I  
might sometime last week) but  
couldn't handle it - I'm  
glad I didn't. Tomorrow  
I may go to my bank &  
deposit my check - hopefully  
I will get another check -  
if I do then I certainly will  
go - I now have the delicious  
pleasure of beginning another  
Henry James novel - The  
Spells of Poynton, which I  
noted Gail took with her on  
the train - we can compare  
impressions when he returns  
with Virginia (hopefully)  
in a week or so. I'm not  
exactly sure of the date of his return.



Tuesday - May 30, 1972

Wednesday, May 31, 1972

On Monday & Tuesday evening I read "The Spoils of Poynton" - delightful - particularly Mrs Gereth whose eccentricities pleased me more than Fleda's constancy; Mona reminded me, in name only, of a certain French Professor; Owen was not a particularly endearing character - Mrs Gereth wins the prize - as does Mrs Plummerman (aunt Lucia in "Washington Square") Poynton, The Spoils of - didn't have the linguistic bravado of Roderick Hudson and I missed that; Washington Square (which I began today) seems to have that quality I enjoyed so much in Roderick Hudson; Tuesday I went to the Bank and deposited my Grant-in-aid of Research -



Which came at an apt moment.  
When I returned to 321 the  
Air Conditioner was obstinately  
causing the circuit breaker to  
go; I got very annoyed &  
depressed; fictional techniques  
went along slowly in Balzac;  
Joel called - he was depressed  
as well - I got over my  
depression by reading Henry  
James until 4 AM -

Wednesday was good -  
I have completed fictional  
techniques in Balzac & tomorrow  
will begin on "Style"; also  
read 110 pages of Washington  
Square; Bill Farhood  
called and we experimented  
with the air conditioner -  
It still doesn't want to  
work - He will call again  
tomorrow and hopefully



I will have something to report —  
I will have to experiment a bit;  
It would be nice if I were  
to receive some money in the  
morning mail — that would  
make my plans somewhat  
more definite for the coming  
months; I rained very  
heavily today and I noticed  
that my garden was totally  
immersed in water — hopefully  
the plants will right themselves  
when the sun shines. Wow —  
tomorrow is June already —  
I am at a loss to determine  
how 6 months should have  
passed so quickly since I  
began working on my  
dissertation — that's not bad —  
3 chapters in roughly 6 5  
months — I wonder how I  
will feel in December.



June 1, 1972 - Thursday  
A ventrable circus a day - Sally  
called very early (1:30) - She's  
back in town for a few days to  
see her Doctor & Dean & all - She  
really is traveling through a  
rough period at the moment -  
her health, her parents, Dean, not  
staying with Susko, who, I found  
out much later in the day is an  
opera buff - I shall dine with  
her tomorrow on E 84th; Sheryl  
also called - we had a somewhat  
lively conversation for a while -  
Tony rank the don - he came to  
have a look at the air conditioner  
which, most distressingly, is  
in panne. He thinks it's  
the wire - there are wires  
in it - that connects into the  
wall - Bill Farwood - who  
called later - thinks not



The Puerto Rican man who works in the building is also of no real use with the "crise" of the air conditioner - he kept referring to the sockets in the wall as the "plotets"; In the meantime I worked on "Style" in Balzac - somewhat confusing afternoon; I returned Sally's call around 10 or so & talked with Susie for a couple hours about opera; She is just getting into it & is really excited about the whole world of opera - lovely - Sally seems to be booked for every minute she is in NYC this time - perhaps our paths will cross this evening - it's doubtful however; Joel called around 2 AM - I reviewed the day - he was in a much better mood happily; At the end of this somewhat full day I finished "Washington



Square" of Henry James - Dupin -  
the conclusion was just about  
too much for me - I couldn't  
quite believe it was happening;  
Aunt Lorna is my favorite  
character in the novel - she  
is so 19th c, Byronic, eccentric  
and such a meddler - very  
much like Mrs Gerth in the  
spoils of Poynton or like Christina  
Light's mother in "Roderick Hudson"  
James portrays that kind of  
woman beautifully - I have  
not, as yet, gotten excited about  
the principal figures in his  
novels that I have read -  
ie - Christina Light; Fleda  
Vetch or Catherine Sloper -  
My next Jamesian sortie  
is going to be "The portrait  
of a Lady" - Isabel Archer  
should be very interesting.



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is going to be "The Portrait  
of a Lady" - Isabel Archer  
should be very interesting.



June 2, 1972 - Friday  
June 3, 1972 - Sat; June 4 - Sunday  
Academically - well, I have finished  
the rough draft of Balzac; it needs  
revision but that is mechanical -  
I should get it done by the end of the  
week - the past three days have  
not been terribly productive - I  
suppose because I was so hung over  
on Saturday & could hardly move -  
Susko's was fun - we talked &  
drank profusely (first of all our  
crevisses; Courvoisier, espresso,  
Sambucca Romana) - Sally & I  
made an appearance around 10:30 or  
so - Sally was her usual ebullient  
self - Externally at least - She  
is nonetheless "troubled" at the  
moment; Ian seems pleasant &  
older than I had expected -  
Susko's place is immaculate -  
aggressively so; her enthusiasm



for opera is really great - Santour  
Puccini - she has the "always  
complite" (saw "Edgar") - as she  
says; of course it is impossible  
to talk and listen to opera but  
we tried - Sally insisted,  
naturally, that we play  
Dronne Barwick & off with the  
opera; I thoroughly enjoyed  
being with Mary Ann - it is  
as though we had never  
really met before; I left  
around 2 AM most drunk -  
and was up until dawn -  
got up at 230 PM - mostly  
unproductive day; I did  
watch "A King's Story" - the  
documentary on Edward VIII  
(Duke of Windsor) - very  
interesting and I was very  
moved by the pomp of it all -  
it was narrated by Orson Wells;



On Sunday I wasn't feeling as well  
as I would have liked - very  
tired - I even took an afternoon  
nap; the broken air conditioner  
isn't helping matters nor is the  
broken mail boy - both of those  
I shall attend to this week -  
I am not at all fond of that  
type of thing but will nevertheless  
do my best - I suspect  
Ramsay will be left to impossible  
to get ahead of; I may go to  
Carni Hall on Tues or Wednesday  
or both - the New York Choral  
Society's Summer Concerts -  
Portrait of a Lady is superb & I  
continue to read it when  
not working on my dissertation.  
I read in the NY Times today that  
the NY Police force is larger than  
the entire Army of the country  
of Denmark - rather startling.



June 5, 6, 7 - Mon-Wed - 1972

Monday - I got up around noon & decided that the NY Public Library was the destination for the afternoon - So by 4 - I did some writing for a few hours and then repaired to Sheryl's office for an hour - I did enjoy my visit - She was all 'up' about her summer plans and her recent trip to Woodstock - at 5 PM we walked to Carnegie Hall on W 57th. When the NY Choral Society is giving it's summer concerts - I got the brochures & all - very small hall - I shall have to go & see what it's all about; When I returned I had dinner & then practically passed out - Not due to over eating but I was simply



Ihausted - apparently I was still  
suffering from my drunken stupor  
on Friday night; when I woke  
up at 930 all seemed to be well &  
I worked (wrote) nicely; Joel  
returned my call - the papers  
for the air conditioner from Bal  
were sent out special delivery on  
Monday - I made arrangements  
on Tuesday AM to have the people  
come for "Stay Cool" - they  
were to have come on Wed PM  
but most likely it will be  
tomorrow morning early - ugh!  
doubtless I shall still be asleep  
and all that; Tuesday I  
wrote in the PM - the Balzac  
Chapter is ready for the type-  
writer - then I decided that  
the floors had to be cleaned -  
I put lemon oil on the floor  
in the living room and such



a beautiful result! — I was  
overwhelmed — I am in one  
of my "let's clean up the place"  
moods and I rather enjoy  
the end result — I am now  
on a mad pursuit of dust —  
In the evening I also  
waited on Bazar & then  
watched Chanel 7 news — & what  
I am becoming very fond of  
then D KK Cavett (Joan Baez  
really impresses me) — I  
read some more of "The Portrait  
of a Lady" — It's not surprising  
that it's considered his  
masterpiece — Madame Merle,  
Henrietta & Isabel are too  
much — surtout la premiere —  
Henry James is much better  
in a longer novel than in  
the shorter ones — I suppose  
it's a question of participating



In the fictional time of the novel —  
I had difficulty falling asleep —  
(So what else is new!) — at about  
530 I had something to eat & that  
seemed to work; the Postman, rang  
at 11 with the Special Delivery letter  
from Joel — As it turned out —  
the Air Conditioner repair man  
never showed up today — Doubtless  
he will make an appearance  
someday; Wed — More thought  
on Balzar — he is ready to go into  
the typewriter — probably after  
Virginia leaves & will begin —  
that should give me a week to  
type it — Bill & Chris will  
arrive on the following Sunday —  
I would like to have the Chapter  
ready for the mail by that point;  
This afternoon I tried to  
get it all together but couldn't —  
the stylus which Joel sent



bapped me for a bit but —  
naturally — I figured out how to  
put it in; And have been  
enjoying music since that  
point — Cheryl & I gossiped  
for a hour or so Chapin — med —  
I decided that the kitchen  
was a sty & so I cleaned it —  
swept & planed — such a  
ignominious task — the  
apartment is now "spic &  
span", if you will forgive the  
expression. Joel returns  
tomorrow afternoon &  
I am looking forward to  
that; Virginia will come  
for the weekend on Friday —  
that should be most  
interesting — I am planning  
on doing a whole dinner  
for her — She's such a pleasure  
to cook for — the perfect  
dinner guest.



June 8, 1972 - Thursday  
anticipation - anticipation - etc -  
Joel returning today & Virginia coming  
tomorrow - I met both of them -  
I was in a bad mood (why I  
don't know) when I met Joel -  
The air conditioner has a lot to  
do with it I feel - we haven't  
gotten that repairman here yet &  
I find it all very irritating -  
two superb programs on the telly  
on Thursday - a 90 min documentary  
on the movies of the 30's - fully  
enjoy award material - it, if  
we can use the word, captured  
the era superbly - that was  
followed by Alfred Hitchcock on  
Cavell - incredibly urbane,  
witty, dignified and entirely  
diligentful show - Joel & I  
got into a discussion about  
art, sex, life etc & got somewhat



too emotionally involved -  
it was fun but we were  
both in moods that were too  
argumentative & we got slightly  
hostile - it went on until  
430 or so AM - woke up tired  
around 11 - & requested the  
repair man again for the  
air conditioner - no luck

Friday - June 9, 1972  
Virginia arrives; I went  
to meet her at Penn Station -  
She looks great - Tanned,  
thinner & radiantly alive,  
as usual; we came uptown  
to 321 and had<sup>a</sup> drink & tea  
& some roast beef & antibiotics  
and went off to see Jacques  
Bel's alive & well etc at  
the Village Gate - I loved it;  
it is a cabaret - the cast



7 four was really first rate -  
we walked to Washington

Square and then got the Lex  
the IRT - Shuttle - 7th Ave got  
back to 321 and had a wonderful  
evening - It is pure pleasure  
to be with Virginia - She is  
not to be described - urbane,  
witty, feminine - a totally  
superb day in all - Not only  
Virginia but also Jacques Brel  
and our evening; I felt like  
I was participating in a Henry  
James novel - That I  
suppose sounds pretentious -  
but not at all - tomorrow  
I'm sure will be equally up-  
we will have a dinner for  
several people tomorrow night -  
Va, Joel, Sheryl, me - maybe  
Gross & the Moreth's - Robert  
will hopefully do a big meal all  
this.



Saturday - June 10, 1972  
Naturally, we were slow in getting started - around noon or so Joel & I got up - Virginia continued to sleep extremely soundly - I made one quick florentine & it turned out superbly - we ate that & then began to get ourselves organized - not surprisingly it was 4 PM when we started our day - Joel went to the store and Va. & I began a walk down Broadway - glorious - we stopped at the 100th Street block party, the fish market at 101st & at the 'Bowl & Board' Shop at 88th or so - we saw a procession of 3 caresses from in front of the Plaza at 96th St - it was a wedding party - I applauded as did others -



really beautiful — we then continued  
down to Zabars' — gastronomic  
paradise — we bought some sour  
dough, some caviar, hearts of palm,  
water chestnuts, stuffed grape  
leaves etc — Virginia is a pure  
delight in stores such as this —  
we got the bus down to 57th  
B'way — An old lady in all  
sorts of scarfs seemed to be  
harassing a young Puerto  
Rican — he threatened to hit her  
with his umbrella (all this  
in loud tones on the 104 bus) —  
along Central Park South we  
walked — into the Plaza of  
the Palm Court — down 5th Ave  
past Carter & Gucci & Bergdorf's  
over to Rockefeller Center (after  
stopping at Saint Patrick's  
for a few minutes) — we  
had drinks at the Cafe' Hopaléon —



While there I talked extensively  
of Silver - Va seemed interested  
We then walked to 5th Ave &  
got the 104 North - very windy -  
at 105th we bought some  
wine & Vermont (the man at  
the Riverside liquor store at 105th  
& B'way recommended "Pinto"  
Vermont - he told me "Francis"  
was no different <sup>no better</sup> & Pinto was  
cheaper - very true - it  
costs only \$2.12 per 1/2 gallon -  
not bad price; Va bought  
some sandals from a Japanese  
store on the West Side; B'way  
entre 104 & 105; the proprietor  
chatted at some length with  
Virginia about Japan;  
We got back to 321 at  
about 8 PM - Sheryl & Joel  
were having a chat when  
we arrived; the apartment



seemed to me to be in Chaos; I  
set to work to get dinner ready —

Coquille St Jacques à la Parisienne;  
Cucumbers & water Chestnuts cool Yagout;  
Camembert; Strawberries & Pagar;  
The Coquilles were superb; Both  
Sheyl & Va said that dinner was  
"beautiful" — I was very pleased —  
I quite agreed with them. We  
had Caviar avant dinner — the  
evening was pleasant — Much  
conversation — Sheyl was in a  
good mood & we soon realized  
it was 2 AM — Sheyl — I walked  
her to her car — I came back  
and did the dishes — Julie retired —  
Virginia & I were up until  
4 AM talking — I seem to have  
notionable talking to her at  
the moment — I am pleased  
with that; Over the phone  
we have a difficult time speaking



but not in person — happily —  
she looks so young — she has  
lost some weight — I have got a  
tan & looks no older than  
35 at the very farthest (farthest) —  
the word means — at the most —  
I hope I look that young  
when I am her age — what —  
ever it might be — Joel  
seems to think it's 42 or so —  
absolutely amazing; Va.  
goes to Yorkers at 10 AM on Sunday.

Sunday, June 11, 1972

Monday — June 12, 1972; Tues — June 13

Sunday in the AM Virginia went  
to Yorkers for the day — she  
returned Monday at mid-day —

I'll never know how she managed  
to get up at 930 on Sunday AM —  
we were up chatting until 4.

Sunday was somewhat monotonous —  
I was tired & couldn't get it all



together - I wrote a bit but was  
unable to get any serious work done  
like we for Mon & Tuesday -  
I will begin typing Balzar tomorrow.  
Monday around noon the "Stay  
Cool" man came to fix the air-  
conditioner - he had to take a part  
with him and we were upset -  
the part was returned Chapin's side  
and we are now air conditioned -  
Apparently the warranty will  
cover all costs - Most surprising  
Maybe not; It would be nice  
if it does - We had lunch  
on Mon - dolmas, palm hearts  
and tea - Virginia made a few  
phone calls & then I got a #4  
bus with her & we left for Penn  
Station - the ride took about 50  
minutes & we missed the 528  
Metroliner - We had a drink  
and she got the 630 train -



lovely but from an altogether  
delightful guest — I always  
learn a good deal when I  
am around Virginia — She  
is so incredibly diversified  
and humane — Jall & I  
had dinner & then we sought  
out some interesting television —  
none presented itself — I read  
some Henry James & they retired;  
the stay coal man returned  
for his 2nd visit this after  
noon — he will return for his  
3rd tomorrow; I tried to  
type <sup>first</sup> in the PM but couldn't  
get it all together — Jall &  
I went to see "Rights of  
Cabiria" & "Verdiana" at  
the Thalia — the former I  
thought to be excellent —  
Sartor Gullita Masurva —  
a slave prostitute who is



deceived — "Indiana" was OK but  
I have no desire to see it again —  
The Males is having an incredible  
300 film summer festival — 2 films  
every night — At least — #2.  
Happily it's in our neighborhood —  
I would like to get about 10  
pages typed tomorrow — that  
would do my unstable ego  
some good at this point.

Wednesday — June 14, 1972

Thursday — June 15, 1972

On the 14th Sheryl called to tell me  
I can have the job at the American  
Management Association for the  
summer — lovely — good salary  
& not too much work which  
means that I can work on my  
dissertation and get paid for it —  
That's what I did today in  
the PM — went to AMF & Sheryl



explained her job to me —

It doesn't seem too confusing —  
I should be able to handle  
it well enough — the office  
is perfect for surreptitious  
work — no one seems to bother  
anyone else — And the  
office is not too intimidating  
very kind of Sheryl to let me  
take over the job; Academically  
the past 2 days have been  
O.K. — I have typed up 10  
pages of Balzac — It has  
been slow getting started on  
the typing but I suspect  
my progress will be constant.  
I don't suppose John will  
return for about a week &  
I'll have the Chapter done  
by that point — I got  
a letter from Earl on the  
14th — He will return on the



22nd (tentatively) of this month  
and spend the flight in NYC —  
how grand — we will get to see  
the apartment and we can  
chat; I was a bit late in  
sending out my father's day  
card — Commem & Habitude —  
I have a feeling that my  
having the job for AMA will  
not prevent me from completing  
the Stendhal Chapter while  
I am there — That would be  
nice — to get the Stendhal Chapter  
finished by the time Sheryl  
returns from Indiana where  
she will teach until mid  
August — It doesn't seem  
like an impossible goal to get  
the Chapter done in seven  
weeks — I have done it before  
and surely I can do it  
again.



Friday June 16, 1972

Saturday June 17, 1972

I'll be on in Mon - I have  
got another job - M's to replace  
Sheryl while she goes to Indiana  
for the 7 week summer session to  
teach - during her absence I  
am the "Acting Rights, Permissions  
& Reviews Editor" for the American  
Management Association -  
good salary - it seems like  
it will be an easy office  
situation to handle - Not  
too many hassles around -  
yany - I should be able  
to get some writing done -  
In the evening Gail & I  
went to see Cabaret - at  
B'way & 97th - I love it -  
It's the second time I've  
seen it & I like it even more -  
Lisa Muelle & Joel Grey & David



York as superb - the song  
"If you could see here through  
my eyes" is superb - it  
really turns me on - after  
work Sheyla, Carol & Ann & I  
went for a drink at "The Brewery" -  
Ann is repulsive - Carol  
isn't; it was relaxing -

95¢ for draft beer but you can  
eat dinner for that price if you  
know how to handle it. Needless  
to say I didn't get much done  
academically here - soon I  
will get at it again - I  
went to the bank of med day -  
Met the gentlemen at the  
vault confused me for an  
actor and I didn't tell him  
I wasn't one - he said - "you  
must be tired from being on  
the set all day etc" - way  
much an ego trip I loved it;



Friday - concluded "a lot of" - very Cornelion (beach) - Madame  
Melle & Cornters Gemin are my parents in the movie - this farce  
have preferred the minor Geminian character to the major  
Mrs Gemin; aunt Gemin; Mrs Gemin; Cornters  
Gemin.

Satd began Daisy Miller - set in  
Ruey, Suisse.

On Sat after midn we went  
to see two more Garbo films -  
As you desire me +  
Queen Christina - really  
incredible - Garbo is so  
exuberant it's not to be  
believed - Tara - a cafe  
singer in Budapest etc -  
Armenia - I loved it -  
we got the train to 321  
and had dinner - then  
watched L'Aventura by  
Antonioni - very dull -  
I didn't like it at all -  
Sheyl left around 12  
midnight - she leaves  
for Indiana on Tuesday  
Chappely she will be  
in Queens on Monday  
so I can call her and  
ask any questions I  
have to about the job.



Sunday - June 18, 1972

Sat evening - Daisy Miller completed -  
audacious & puerile - bound to be  
free - Catches the Roman fever at the  
Coliseum in the Moonlight & dies -  
Frederick Winterbourne goes back to  
New York - typically James - very  
urbane and delightful - I  
suppose she's an unsophisticated  
and immature Camille - a  
well-written (obviously) and  
rapid tale - loaded with James'  
typical vocabulary & preferences -

Mrs Miller & Mrs Costello  
are the Know-it-all Matrons  
of Society - naturally they are  
at a loss to understand Daisy  
Sinton Mrs Costello.

Sunday AM - No Fault the  
Valeri by Henry James - a  
Pygmalion story - Rome -  
the Coliseum in the Moonlight -



Resulatory - very Jameson -  
McCourt Valerio discover  
a Juno of such beauty in her  
garden that he neglects his  
wife & falls in love with the  
statue. Only when the statue  
& Juno is again buried  
does he return to his wife -  
Slept very late - was up  
for an hour or so & had a  
nap; we went down to  
meet Chris at 7 at Plum Station  
Came back to dinner - turkey  
roll - corn - beets & Cranberry  
sauce - very good & very  
attractive - I was pleased;  
we watched Channel 17 seen  
& then "Portraits of a Mobster" -  
typically gangster film - they  
made it in 1961 and  
used a scene from Bullets or  
Ballots - very tricky - the



Movie tonight was very weak —  
too much moralizing. The domestic  
scene was a joke; the evening  
was very pleasant with Chris —  
Slo and Bill brought us a set of  
wine bottle glasses — very very  
gracious of them — the day  
was slow in getting started  
but it has been a pleasant day.  
Tomorrow is my first day as  
Acting Rights, Permissions &  
Reviews Editor — I hope I  
make it on time.

{ Monday, June 19, 1972  
Tuesday, June 20, 1972  
I worked enthusiastically at BWA  
so that I could get as much experience  
as possible while I'm here  
around — people were very  
friendly & helpful — I got caught in  
the rain on my way out of the



train at 50th Street and  
arrived at HHA all wet -  
I had an abdominal pain  
all night long and all day  
long - I was terrified -  
convinced it was my appendix  
or an abdominal tumor -  
all night & day I worried &  
conjured up some ghastly  
medical nightmares - I  
resolved to go to the hospital  
after work - I went via  
the B'way local to 168 & B'way  
to Columbia Presbyterian  
Hospital to the Emergency Ward -  
I was so terrified I almost  
began to weep - My stomach  
was in a knot - I was  
at Emergency for 3 1/2 hours -  
Appendix Check - Stethoscope,  
blood tests (both arms), two  
urine samples - I don't know



have contracted a rather bad  
infection of the urinary tract —  
Now began; such a pain in  
my bladder — I thought it  
was my appendix — the  
doctor (Dr McNeil) was  
very reassuring & sympathetic  
The waiting room at the  
hospital was filled with the  
most bizarre characters —  
weeping old women who  
cried — "I'm dying — give me  
some ammonia"; bent over  
old men; pregnant women  
in labor; blacks with their  
eyes bleeding; slashed arms;  
intravenous feeding — I was  
feeling a bit weak on seeing  
all that; by 930 I left &  
the clerk reduced the fee by  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  for me — I plead poverty  
essentially — I was very



gratified by, for lack of a better word, their humanity —

I have some pills (4/day) — they are helping a good deal — I slept quite well —

Chas got his job at GSA in NYC — ∴. Bill & Chas will

come to New York in the

Fall; I felt as if my life were saved on returning from the hospital —

Perhaps it was; Work on Tuesday was much more

pleasant — I didn't get much done but happily

I wasn't worrying about my abdomen — Earl

will arrive on Thursday;

Cathy Moretti joined us

for dinner — Stuffed

port Chops; broiled, Apple

Sauce; blue & strawberries —



She's beautifully down to earth  
I've had a grand evening;  
On the Town with Gene Kelly  
was a joy — "Let's make  
a toast — "What'll we drink  
to — "Let's drink to New York"  
Say Gene Kelly; Super —  
as NY telephone — say —  
"New York is still a hell of a  
town"; Jay Know will  
arrive tomorrow night for  
a few days; DE is to spend  
the summer in Provincetown —  
BD played there; I will  
work on my dissertation  
tomorrow at work — maybe  
for a couple hours at least;  
tomorrow will be a busy day.

Wednesday — June 21, 1972

I arrived about 15 minutes late to  
work and no one seemed to notice or care



productive day — I learned a  
bit more about the job —  
Surtout translations — I managed  
to work on my dissertation for  
about 3 hours today at work —  
not bad — I'd like to make  
that a daily practice — and  
maybe I will finish Stendhal  
before the middle of August —  
that would be nice — Jay  
Knox arrived this evening  
for a few days — very relaxing  
and quiet evening at 321 —  
cube steak - mons - Cheese, Corn &  
broccoli — happily my  
urinary infection is not  
bothering me at all now —  
I feel like I have been  
raised from the dead —  
Corn Gail — Gene Hiden, Phil  
Silvers, Rita Hayworth, Gene  
Kelley — so-so movie — too long.  
Earl arrives tomorrow.



Thursday - June 22, 1972

Friday, June 23, 1972

Incredibly tired all day - slept badly - did hardly any work all day - Saw the letter to Don & to Home - told them about my intestinal crisis which, by the way, has subsided; When I got back from work (Joel & Jay joined me at HMT for a bit) a telegram from Earl arrived - he was to arrive tonight (2nd) - well he finally called - I went down to East Side Terminal to meet him - we had a marvelous chat - naturally in French - And did a good bit of catching up - I was delighted to see him & he me - his hair is as long as mine - he looks like I did a year or two ago; we took the 104 bus up Broadway &



Stopped for a moment at 321,  
to phoned his parents and  
then we went off to the bar End  
where we had dinner — I  
rather enjoyed the place —  
crawling with students —  
Around midnight we returned  
and chatted some more —  
Earl had been up for 20 hours  
or so and slept almost  
immediately after I shut out  
the light; I got up at  
8:15 and we left here  
around 9 & got to Penn Station  
at a good hour to have  
petit déjeuner — & a Chat —  
Earl bought me a copy of  
Maurice Doctor Faustus (Jay  
bought me a copy of  
Elmer Gantry a few days ago)  
He (Earl) got the 10 o'clock  
train for Boston and I



Arrived at work at 11 — an  
excellent day for the ego —  
I had a marvelous time —  
I met Betty, had a great chat  
with Richard — went up to  
see McClane & Linton (they  
didn't impress me at all) —  
I really had a tremendous  
time all day — super ego  
trip — In the evening we  
had dinner — bone fried  
Chicken & Curried rice — salad  
de tomates — television much  
of the evening — Jay & I  
walked up to Mama Jay's  
for sandwiches for Joel & Jay  
Around 11 PM — Apparently  
Perma is an emergency  
area with the flooding —  
I must call home tomorrow —  
The prospect of sleeping seems  
very pleasant to me at the



point - hopefully I will  
be able to get myself back  
on schedule a bit - I would  
like to do some typing over  
the weekend & be done with  
Balzac - Here I go again -  
i.e. - with reference to work -  
typing & telephone sales will  
probably merge - I think  
I will like that.

Saturday - Sunday - Monday  
June 24 - 5 - 6 - 1972

I got up around 1 PM on  
Saturday - most tired - Jay  
had left - No mail - Joel &  
I walked to the Salvation Army  
on 96th St - closed - went to  
the Army Navy at 100th -  
No pants - then to the store  
and then to 321 - we  
watched television all night -



I was depressed - very low day;  
Sunday was reasonably good -  
I typed 7 pages of Balzac and  
called home - the floods  
have avoided Carbondale, happily.  
All seems to be well there -  
I was pleased; I began  
thinking about work - I  
got all excited - I suppose  
it was for that reason that  
today didn't quite measure  
up to my expectations - It was  
a good day - reasonably - but  
not super as I had thought  
it would be; I went to  
Columbia - Presbyterian Medical  
Center - Urology Clinic - tests  
negative - \$7 please - It took  
me about 2 hours to find  
that out - Noone seemed to  
notice at AMU - Called Sheryl  
and chatted at some length -



Sheryl seems to be annoyed  
with Bloomington — so what  
else is new — today was  
one of those days when just  
didn't quite get it all  
together — perhaps tomorrow  
will be more to my liking —  
Il se pourra que ....

June 27, 1972 — Tuesday  
6-28-29-30 — July 1-12 → Saturday  
Alas, 5 days have come & gone —  
much of the time I have been fighting  
extreme fatigue; the idea of  
working at AMH pleases me —  
but it has wrought havoc on  
my writing schedule altho  
I have managed to revise  
parts of the Balzac chapter —  
I fully well planned to  
type all day today — no luck —  
I was too tired — all I did



was watch television and eat - both  
of which make me feel miserable  
at the moment - Tomorrow  
I would like to get some serious  
typing done - This Chapter  
must be finished soon - it has  
been dragging on too much -  
Surely it will be finished by the  
end of the week and then Flaubert  
will be begun and ended  
by the end of August - Yes -  
that would be nice; I saw  
"Watch on the Rhine" last night -  
excellent film; Isadora &  
"Funny Thing" happened on the  
way to the Forum" tonight -  
Vanessa Redgrave - superb -  
the latter film is most amusing;  
Hopefully I will get myself  
into an academic schedule soon  
that will allow me to get some  
writing done - Why do I



feel so guilty about not writing;  
I want so badly to finish  
this dissertation and yet  
I can't seem to get to work  
readily - it will happen  
I know but the waiting is  
painfully slow - I have  
decided to integrate Stendhal  
into the Balzac chapter but  
that will be done at a later  
point - I want to do Flaubert  
first - When will all this  
end? Balzac should have  
been finished 3 weeks ago.

Sunday July 2, 1972  
July 3-4-5-6 - 1972

Wow - I really seem to have  
put aside the drag for  
a while - Sunday - I didn't  
leave the apt - worked on  
my chapter; ate, relaxed -



I felt great; Bethe Davis' actions  
and beaten too - excellent - she  
play a french teacher, former  
governess in France under Louis-  
Philippe - apparently - selon  
le film - the people of France  
found the Citizen King to abdicate  
because he didn't intervene &  
handle the scandal of Henriette  
Deluzy Despote (BD). - very  
amusing; Monday I worked -  
at least I went to work - very  
few others did - I did practically  
no work all day & left around  
4; short evening - I was  
tired; Tuesday - 4th of  
July - Joel & I remained at  
321 all day - music, food  
and some work - nothing  
terribly strenuous; Wednesday  
again - much the same -  
since I have begun working



I seem to have trouble distinguishing  
one day from the next —  
It's the 9-5 Syndrome —  
the only positive factor is  
that we must have money  
to live & AMB provides that;  
I never seem to be bored  
however — I have managed  
to get some constructive  
sunting done — Balzac  
will be on his way to  
Indiana on Monday at  
the very latest — That will  
be nice — Thursday —  
payday — Great crowds at  
the bank & I waited for  
about 45 min in line —  
I got very annoyed —  
deposited my check — I'll  
have to go back and withdraw  
some money later on —  
Surprise — surprise — Jay &



Nanny have returned from their  
year abroad and they called  
me at work on Thurs - I will  
go to Livingston on Sunday  
and see them - very  
exciting - Gail will come as  
well - perhaps; Ellen will  
return on the 9th of June -  
I am <sup>now</sup> I have been tired very  
tired since I began at HMH  
but for some reason I am  
feeling rather good psychologically  
It could have something to  
do with the fact that I am  
about half finished with my  
dissertation - I hope  
John likes my Balzac chapter.

July 7, 1972 - Friday  
July 8 - July 9 - Sunday  
fantastic day at work - Kate  
and I Chatted at length - I



will go for a visit on Wed of this  
week - She and her husband  
showed be very interesting -  
Kate is a marvelous "crazy"  
(in the best sense of the word)  
Russian-American Gentleman  
Her Mari is the son of a  
Tatar officer in Russia;  
Chatted at some length with  
Phil and Richard - I like  
them both - They see me  
differently than I see myself;  
I did some good writing  
on Friday night; Sat  
was delightful - I slept  
like the proverbial baby -  
It was such a joy to be  
well rested - I finished  
my Balzac Chapter sans  
la conclusion and the  
typing of the footnote which  
I will do tomorrow as



work; Watched Viva Zapata on  
the television - Brando is  
incredibly good - like Peter  
O'Toole; On Sunday morning  
I got up at 10 & got ready to  
go to Livingston to see Jay & Nance  
I loved it - I got the train  
from Geta at 1220 & arrived in  
Livingston at 107 PM - Jay &  
Nance met me at the train -  
delightful to see them again -  
we chatted at length for  
the entire day - they both looked  
great as did the whole  
family; I enjoyed it  
immensely - we drank  
beer & Courteau & Grand Marnier  
& tea - baked Ham - very  
pleasant - talked of Cholon,  
basketball, food, travel,  
lacking jobs, It was an  
easy trip for me all the way



I got tired around 930 or so - I smoked too many Gauloises - Jay sang - Very well & might add - I got the train back to NYC at 1130 & got to 321 at about 1245 - Not bad at all - I am very fond of Jay & Name and look forward immensely to a life long friendship.

July 10-12 - Mon-Wed.  
I couldn't get to sleep on Sunday night - I was up all the way about Jay & Name - I was awake until 430 or so - you can well imagine how I felt at work all day Monday - essentially unmanageable work - day - I did nothing



And unfortunately Betty saw  
me doing that nothing -  
Ah well - Monday night I  
was exhausted - I finished  
the footnotes to Balzac & went  
to bed at 11:30 - slept like  
a baby until 8:30 AM the  
next day - very well rested  
at work - Jay & Nanice  
arrived in mid morning  
and we chatted - I explained  
my "non-job" to them - with  
a good deal of misnomer -  
we had lunch at Chicks & Co on  
51st Street - took it back to the  
office - they went off on  
interviews here and there -  
I did only 4 envelopes all  
day long - Betty walked  
in as I was chatting with  
Jay & Nanice - ah well -  
I am only "de passage" at HMF -



Jay & Name joined Ellen &  
Jail & I for dinner - pizza  
& spinach salad - watched  
some of the Convention - boring -  
we had a pleasant evening  
and I rode to Grand Central  
with them and saw them  
off - they seemed distant -  
probably tired - when I  
got back Bill & Chris were  
arriving along with Cass  
after Cass of liquor & an  
Morrison - the last  
was reacting - I'm not  
so excited about the Presb -  
they're so disgusting -  
He stayed the night & so  
we were 5. I got up  
at 8 AM & made it to work  
by 9 - how extraordinary -  
the Furman went  
for a walk around 8:30 -



At work & phoned Bill for a  
walk up Creek at 9:30 - he  
& Chris were alone - Jack & the  
francas who was supposed to  
take Shelly to France had  
left to find a hotel for the  
francas; pleasant day at  
work - everyone seemed to  
be in a good mood - France  
Fore got me so angry I almost  
slugged her - Jack stopped  
in around 11:30 - passed off  
the preliminary & his plan to  
fly on Atlantis Airlines -  
the afternoon went quickly -  
I mailed my chapter to  
John Houston on Bolzac -  
Called Sheryl - JPH has had  
an operation - tumor - ill -  
hope he likes my chapter &  
all - Sheryl & I had a lovely  
45 minute chat - She is



Rather well entrenched in  
Bloomington it seems;  
With Kate I went to 157th  
& Riverside Drive - Super  
evening - Kostya & Kate  
Podko - Russian aristocrats  
Balzacian apartment -  
4 Cats - Gorgeous silver -  
Art all over the place -  
Beautiful people - Young  
in spirit - free thinking -  
19th Century oriented;  
Well read; we had a  
dietary dinner & talked  
about everything - It  
was a great joy - The  
living room walls & every  
where were loaded with  
realia - Musical instruments,  
Samovars, books, paintings,  
Cats, plants, silver, and  
all sorts of decorative realia -



I rode the #5 bus uptown with  
Kate - we arrived at 6 or so  
+ I left their house at about  
1230 - lovely 6 1/2 hours -  
+ surely will pay them another  
visit in the future - I am  
very fond of them - what  
I would like to do is give  
them my Russian spoon -  
from 1884 - they will like  
that a lot I hope - that  
will also give me great  
pleasure. Bill + Chris spent  
the day looking at apartments;  
they will find a nice place  
I'm sure - they're great  
people - very sympathetic -  
they are perfect houseguests -  
It's almost as if they were  
not here - yet they are -  
It is possible that they will  
take a place across the street from  
us - that will be interesting.



July 13-15 - (Mon - Sat) 1972

Monday I got up at 9:15 or so -  
They rang the bell - it seems  
that the drain pipe on the  
porch was blocked; Bill &  
Chris were sleeping in the  
living room; Tuesday  
was not terribly exciting  
at work; On my way home  
I went to Lumen Center  
& got some tickets (3 of them)  
for Spoon Lake on the coming  
Wednesday - Jay & Maude  
will be my guests. Bill  
& Chris continue to look  
for apartments - they  
have looked at about 60  
in 3 days; We had  
canned rice and Chicken  
for dinner - rather good;  
I am beginning to feel  
intimidated by everything



of late; it's the post Bozai  
depression & gloom; it happens  
after every chapter; Friday  
was depressing at work -  
I was terribly tired - although  
the late afternoon seemed  
to take a more positive turn  
(PH) - a distance - main  
ca s'approche; Here I go  
again; we had spare ribs  
& scalloped potatoes for  
dinner - very good in  
all respects - everyone seemed  
to concur; I had to wait  
for an hour or so down  
the building - Bill &  
Chris & Joel had locked me  
out - they went to sign a  
lease - \$300/mo at 606 W  
116th St; probably very nice;  
right across the street from  
Columbia; when I was



finishing my dinner  
Earl called; he was in  
Nyc - On his way to  
Boston - his parents are  
most depressed because of  
Bruce's operation - I  
was supposed to go to Hyde  
Park this weekend but  
changed my plans because  
of the fatigue & ennui  
that marked this week;  
I was in no mood to go  
to Hyde Park; it actually  
turned out better - Earl  
could then go to Tilton to  
see his parents; I went  
to Grand Central to meet  
Earl - we took the shuttle  
to Pap Authority and  
sat in the snack bar & the  
waiting room from 1030  
until 1230 talking -



Earl is having problems with his  
parents - surtout Jean & Jane  
and his mère et son père -  
they think Earl's lifestyle is  
"unnatural" etc; C'est toujours  
la même histoire; Earl & I  
had a marvelous chat -  
It couldn't have been better -  
I came back & went to bed;  
Actually we all watched a  
Bogart movie - the  
title of which escapes me  
for the moment; On Sat  
we got up around noon -  
my cigarette dealer had  
arrived; lunch at Mr  
Donald's - In the PM Bill  
put up the bookshelves for  
Joel - I defrosted the  
refrigerator and cleaned -  
they all went to dinner -  
Indonesian - & then a walk



On the East Side; I wanted  
to be alone & did so —  
Cleaned a bit the apt;  
listened to records —  
Brothers — they returned  
around 12 30 & we had  
some beanoladas & beer —  
the beer was not terribly  
good; such a mood of  
m of late — really very  
last feeling I am experiencing  
like a 'dry leaf etc' as  
the French poets say —  
Monsieur's 'drangera' but —  
tar — tomorrow I would  
like to buy a pair of  
pants in the Village —  
My flower garden  
in the tub is now  
becoming alone — The  
Zinnia's are out & so  
are some white flowers.



July 16-17 - Sun - Mon - 1972

Mo Farhood's left in the PM - we went up to see their place at 606 W 116th very spacious & all run down - it will take a good deal of work to get it into shape - Bill will do so I suspect; Chris & her came - that was one of the principal reasons for having rented the apt - the space needed for the couch - they are slaves to their possessions; I was glad to be alone after all the guests & confusion -

Sunday evening was relaxing not much of anything - Jill & I put up some posters; it improves the apt a good deal; Monday - worked all day - surprisingly; I had the feeling I wasn't getting much done though - at noon I went to Lustrant Parts



On Greenmount Ave I bought my  
annual pair of pants - super  
bells on these I much to my  
liking; I shall love these  
well so they will last me a  
good while - Now I need  
to buy some shoes - and  
then I will be all set for  
another year or so;  
I ran into Kate at the  
Zerof room on the 20th floor -  
that is where her office is -  
I'm very fond of her -  
tomorrow I think I'll take  
her a flower or two for her  
new office from my garden  
on the porch - She ought  
to like that; Also - I'll  
take some for Sharon on  
Thursday - I love doing  
things like that - It  
really makes me feel good;



Monday evening was relaxing —  
I got a ticket for Man by  
Bernstein at the Metropolitan  
for tomorrow night; put  
up some more posters —

Began to prepare for the visit  
of Jay and Nanke on Wednesday  
night — I'll take them to  
the ballet — Swan Lake —  
I hope they like it — At  
least I hope they'll pretend  
if they don't — that reminds  
me of the line — "Tell me  
anything — a good lie so I  
can believe in it" — from  
some movie; I must get to  
work on Flaubert this week —  
perhaps this week-end at  
Hyde Park will be successful  
in that respect — I hope  
Earl's trip to New Hampshire  
has been a success.



July 18-19-20-21-1972

Tuesday → Friday. Strange -  
I don't seem to me motivated to  
write down what I have done  
when I have not worked on my  
thesis - I suspect it's some form  
of guilt - Tuesday seems to  
be a blank at the moment -  
Wait - that was the day I  
was asked up to Mr Hayes'  
office to translate the letter  
to the Prince of Monaco - great  
succes d'estime pour moi -  
Sharon & Richard seemed to  
enjoy my success - Phil  
seemed jealous - the whole  
8th floor seemed to have  
an opinion & they all  
expressed it - It was  
an entire ego trip for me -  
Naturally I loved it -  
Mr Kaser then called me -



he is the head of the International  
Division of ARAH - he wanted my  
advice on a Bombay - blarney  
permission to reprint - that  
was more fuel for my senior  
destiny - I waited at ARAH  
I then went to the Metropolitan  
Opera at 630 A.S. feeling  
absolutely on top of the world -  
the Mass by Bernstein was  
enjoyable - I suspect that  
it would be better if it were  
not staged - I personally  
enjoyed the recording more  
than the performance -  
Wednesday Jay & Anne  
arrived - we had lunch  
at Charles & Co & they went  
about their way seeking  
employment - a very  
disconcerting & disheartening  
task in NYC - at 5 P.M.



we went to the Brewery at  
42<sup>nd</sup> St & 7th Ave - beer -  
snacks & peanuts - plus  
very enjoyable conversation  
until 7 or so - we walked  
up to the New York State Theater  
and saw Swan Lake -  
it was their first ballet -  
we had great seats -  
my treat - they loved the  
ballet - I was very  
excited about it - and  
conveyed that enthusiasm  
to them - the White  
Swan adagio & the  
Black Swan pas de deux  
(surtout le dernier) were  
extraordinary - Jay  
& I were really gal-  
lanted - I was overjoyed -  
we had a glorious evening  
at the ballet & dinner



sure they will remember it  
for a long while — <sup>we</sup> went  
to 321 for dinner + talked  
until 3:30; I was exhausted  
on Tuesday — they joined  
me for lunch + me said  
farewell at 2 PM — I brought  
Sharon some flowers for  
her birthday — she loved  
them — they were flowers  
from my own garden —  
I also brought some for  
Kate Derinson for her new  
apartment — she too was delighted.  
She gave me "the Stork" —  
a lovely gesture on her  
part; work has been  
a great try all week —  
Phil seems to be jealous of  
me — that's upsetting.  
Tuesday night I collapsed  
with fatigue on returning



to 321 - I organized for  
my trip to Hyde Park -  
Friday at work I worked -  
Joy & Name again came  
to NYC for more interviews -  
they will go to Washington  
on Sunday & will stay  
with the Parkhods -  
I got the 605 from Grand  
Central for Poughkeepsie -  
It was 40 minutes late  
in leaving - Earl & E.H.  
Muir were waiting for  
me - Sharon & Beata  
each won \$50 in the  
lottery on Thursday;  
I was tired on arriving  
in Poughkeepsie - Great  
to see Earl again -  
we had dinner on the  
terrace & E.H. joined us -  
he withdrew & Earl & I



talked very late - of his  
trip to N. H. - of his family -  
of Monique's arrival - of  
PMA - How superb that  
we are friends - Tomorrow  
we will go to the FDR library -  
How nice it would be if  
Mrs Morris were there -  
She probably won't be -  
Calvin will arrive in NYC  
tonight for the weekend -  
we will bring two air conditioners  
Maybe I will get some  
Flaubertian Research done  
dormain - I bought a  
latter ticket around here -  
how lovely if I were to  
win a substantial prize -  
but that's the stuff of  
which dreams are made -  
nonetheless it would solve  
some problems.



Saturday - Sunday - Monday  
July 22-23-24, 1972

extremely tired but nonetheless  
Earl & I went to the FDR Library  
to work - I didn't get much  
done - I was too tired; Mr  
Marshall was there - in  
his usual form - just as he  
was all last summer -  
effusive & bureaucratic; I  
am glad that I am in  
Nyc this summer & not in  
Hyde Park; I read a book  
on the 1920's & 30's at the  
library - lovely slang  
from that period - lounge  
lyard, lethano; beer,  
everything's fake, beer  
Knees, spiffy, swell etc.  
Lunch at Howard Johnson's  
the usual - Grilled hotdog  
and onion - pestasero



the cream - everything was  
much the same as last year;  
we left the library at about  
4 & went to the Hyde Park csm  
for a beer or two - that bar seemed  
so provincial I couldn't believe  
it; Earl read my first chapter -  
he doesn't understand what  
aesthetic distance is - I  
don't think; we walked back  
to Waverly Crest - EA was out -  
we sat on the terrace overlooking  
the Hudson - much talk -  
very pleasant - EA got drunk -  
I was attacked by Mosquitoes  
and am currently suffering  
from that scourge; I  
slept soundly & well -  
My Chamber & Couch was  
beautifully air conditioned -  
On Sunday I got up late -  
french toast, maple syrup with



ants, coffee etc - I ate  
too much - we listened to  
music all afternoon - Eff  
went to dinner and Earl  
& I ate & then hitch hiked  
to Poughkeepsie - very  
easy to get a ride - no  
death of chauffeurs -  
a beer at a sleazy bar  
near the railroad tracks -  
I got the 750 train for NYC -  
lovely weekend; great to  
see Earl again - I could  
have done without the  
mosquitoes; I was  
engaged in a lovely con-  
versation by a young  
freshman - we should  
have exchanged addresses -  
he seemed very interesting.  
And we had a very  
pleasant chat - the trip



back was very quick - I showed him how to get to Penn Station from Grand Central - he seemed most grateful - I was feeling very humanitarian; I wish we had exchanged addresses; Jack & Calvin had a good weekend - He saw Slenth, dined at Benkyang Tokyo - installed an air conditioner etc; I again slept well - too well, indeed. I arose at 930 AM - worked in the AM - lunch with Kate at Mayflower Coffee Shop - after lunch I chatted for about 40 minutes with Phil about travel, Thailand, the army, languages - I can't seem to find his wave length; Kate & I



had a pleasant dietary  
lunch - tea, grapefruit &  
cottage Cheese; by the  
food was merged the  
conversation surely was  
not - we talked of Ralph  
Richardson (whom she has  
met); Betty Davis, the  
philistines at the Co-op  
city art show where Kate  
& Kostya showed last week-  
end; This evening I  
have somewhat reinstated  
my writing program -  
I worked on Flaubert -  
listened to Swan Lake &  
Sleeping Beauty -  
I would like to see  
Swan Lake again -  
tomorrow must handle  
some personal correspondence  
i.e. - Ed Loan; slow's stereo  
needs etc.



Tuesday - July 25 - 1972

very positive day - Richard Gorman  
got me a job checking translations  
for HMT at \$7/hour - very kind  
of him - We get along very well;  
both accepting the other as we are -  
very enlightening; Kate <sup>Denson</sup> suggested  
I join her and Kostya & maybe  
Ernie for the Ukrainian Dancers  
at Philharmonie Hall; It should  
be interesting; Budlong is  
unpleasant & up-tight - I had  
a brief encounter with him  
re matter; a very pleasant  
meeting with Hays again about  
the letter to Prime Ramey; 30 min  
chat with Mon this evening -  
all seems to be well in Penna.

Phil: Can get me a job as a  
waiter in a restaurant on  
57th street - I'd like to try it;  
very intriguing - who knows what  
will happen. Carol De Mauro



Choose me as her lone counselor  
this afternoon - What does one  
say - perhaps I'll invite  
her to dinner on Saturday when  
Earl & Monique are here - that  
should be fun - Sharon Stone  
is still as ebullient as ever -  
"Couldn't you just die" -  
I mean - get it all together  
life is a cabaret" - They are  
here absolute favorite expressions  
She is fond of my - "I was  
so angry I could hardly  
walk"

Wednesday - Thursday - July 26 + 27-72  
Wed. was wicked; I worked  
steadily all day & was impatient  
from start to finish - I was  
angry when I got home -  
happily I got over it all  
soon enough; Earl called



from Wave Crest - on - Jackson - he will  
arrive on Friday & not Monday  
evening; My Bazar chapter  
still hasn't come back from John  
yet - I'm getting impatient  
and can't really get going on  
Flaubert until Bazar is back -  
Monday was good - I took  
some more flowers to Kate -  
she gave me my ticket for  
the Ukrainian Dancers at the  
Metropolitan Opera - \$18.50 -  
More than I would ordinarily  
pay; lovely day at work -  
Sharon - Phil & Richard were  
all in good moods, as was I;  
I'm going to miss them when  
I leave SMH - I called Sheryl  
on Wed morning - that's probably  
why I was in a bad mood  
all day - She complained  
about so many things -



Thought I got myself ready  
for the weekend & Earl &  
Monique - I'm looking  
forward to it very much -  
It should be fun having  
a super dinner à la française -  
Cardo Mauro will join  
us; I'm excited about  
that - I wonder if I  
will do the job as a  
waiter on 57th street - I'd  
like to try it at least. I  
bought another lottery  
ticket today - How glorious  
if I were to win some money.

Friday - 28 - Sat 29 - Sun - 30  
Mon - 31 - Tues - Aug 1 - 1972  
Earl & Monique arrive on Friday  
night - Earl at 8:20 at GCT -  
Monique at 10 at East Side Terminal.  
Earl's train was delayed - I met



him - he was very excited about Monique's arrival, which is to be expected - we walked to East Side Terminal and had a beer at the terminal and then met Monique - very aggressive, very pretty and very tall - very French - we walked to H&T and got the train up to 321 - all was in French - I made a pizza when we got home - we talked late & then retired; Sat AM was spent a-bed - we got it all together around 10 or so & went sightseeing - the B'way local to South Ferry - Staten Island Ferry & back - lovely - lunch aboard the boat - pictures; the "love birds" and I then went to 50th Street and by HMT - over to 5th Avenue - Earl & Monique were assiduous



seventeen - not a window on  
5th Avenue escaped their attention -  
Le Cream at Schraft's on 5th Ave -  
Monique's idea - I thought  
of Lucille Ball & Ethel and  
their trips to Schraft -  
we walked thru the St  
Regis and the Plaza - which  
Monique found to be "laide" -  
Up to General Center -  
Monique found the Grand  
staircase unimpressive -  
I was not amused; we  
walked thru General Center -  
grocery shopping at 183rd -  
no scallops - we had  
poisson blanc instead -  
Carol Romano arrived at 7 -  
badly made-up - Copelle  
St Jacques - Melon & Corseur  
sausages, spinach salad -  
Crème bavarois au Café Soufflot - <sup>brulés</sup>



Cheese - plates - Cheese - coffee -  
much love - political talk -  
Carol left at midnight or  
so - Earl & I accompanied her -  
somewhat high - Brooklyn  
Heights - the promenade -  
we returned to 321 around  
3 AM - very tired - and the  
dishes - Sunday was  
slow - I served Earl &  
Monique petit déjeuner au  
lit - coffee cake and coffee -  
they enjoyed it very much -  
we talked & listened to records  
until about 4 - then walked  
thru Riverside park up to  
Riverside Church & Grant's tomb  
(Monique found them to be  
"fortement laides") - down  
B'way - dinner was a  
magnificent quiche aux  
epinards & a salade de tomates



at dinner we discussed  
Don at great length - Earl  
explained his feelings  
towards Don - steamed at  
most; more French  
chat - Sunset Boulevard  
came on at 130 - excellent  
It's the second time I've  
seen it - I was so tired  
on Monday AM that I  
could hardly believe it -  
Nonetheless the day went  
rather quickly - Earl, Monique  
& I went to Macy's, Gimbels,  
Korvetts & Woolworth's at  
noon - lunch at Woolworth's -  
Monique wanted a converter  
for her hair dryer - much  
ads about nothing I'm  
afraid - they left en  
train for Grand Central  
at about 3 PM - I accompanied



them to the Cab; I came home  
at 5 PM and made dinner & then  
slept until 1030 - I had  
difficulty falling asleep & there  
was tired on Tuesday & a long  
long day - Nothing terribly  
exciting happened at all -  
Saw meeting Joann (?) -  
Phil was in her office when  
I went over (853) - She  
is a Castle freak - seems to  
be very interesting - In  
the evening I read a little  
of Madame Bovary & looked  
at slides - Not very  
strenuous - I will go to  
see the Ukrainian Dancers  
with Kate & Kostya Reman  
soir - we will sit in the  
Grand Tier - that should be  
rather more grand - Called  
Sheryl & Ellen today - not much  
news did they report.



Wed - Thurs - Aug 2-3, 1972

Wednesday after work I walked  
to Lincoln Center - read some of  
the Bovary - people watched -  
the Ukrainian Dancers - Kate  
& Kostya Rodko & I went - we  
were at our seats in the Grand  
Tier; the dancers were magnificent  
and vital to say the least -  
Rabbi Kahane & group added  
a particularly sour note -  
they, at one point, threw  
bags of water & blood onstage;  
the dancers continued but  
it was awkward - it was  
a hideous rupture of art  
and politics - A middle  
aged woman at my left  
exhortated for a bit on  
the problems du Monde -  
she was very sympathetic;  
we had a beer in the Café



at the plaza in Funeral Center;  
very pleasant - I'll have to do  
that more often; the #5 bus  
brought me swiftly to 103 +  
Riverside Drive; I all was  
watching Crimel Châtiment  
with Peter Foure - I was exhausted  
and fell immediately to sleep;  
very rested was I on Thursday  
paycheck started the day -  
Carol + I went to the bank to  
look at spoons at lunch -  
much fun - we were there  
a couple of hours; the PM  
went swiftly - I didn't win  
the lottery - Jay's Name,  
Earl + I can write to me  
today - It's been a long  
time since I've gotten any  
letters - Summer Admissions -  
Monique called - I may see  
Magg La Manca with them on  
Saturday - Wow - tomorrow's Friday! Léa.



I had a 40 minute Chat with Kate after lunch today - I may go up to the Country with them next Saturday - that will be fun

Aug 4-5-6 - Fri-Sun - 1972

Bizar day at work; I wrote a long + very elevated <sup>letter</sup> to DE during most of the PM - I loved it + made a copy - Sharon, Richard + I had a great Chat from about 4 PM on - I'm very fond of both of them; Friday night was largely academic as <sup>were</sup> Saturday + Sunday - I read the Bovary throughout most of the weekend - at 321 on Sat + in Riverside Park on Sunday afternoon - I managed only to read about 20 page in the Park -



The people were much more interesting;  
Earl & Monique are spending the  
weekend in Connecticut — they  
will not come here as they had  
planned; It's so strange to  
spend a weekend at 321 some  
nights — there have been a  
great many visitors here from  
the end of June on — almost  
every weekend — I've almost  
forgotten what a quite weekend  
was like — a rare opportunity  
to say the least — I nearly ought  
to get the pen moving and get  
the Flaubert chapter done —  
I'm waiting for John to get  
the Balzac chapters back to me —  
that's the problem; I'll need  
that ratification before I can  
proceed to undertake Flaubert —  
It almost seems like I've  
never <sup>read</sup> the Bovary — It's magnificent  
as I read it this time.



Mon - Friday - August 7-11

Mon - <sup>Lunch with Kate</sup> fatigue, fatigue etc.

Tues - I speak to Betty about AMT job

Wed → Modern art museum with Carol  
→ Bazan chapter book; Lunch with Kate

I seem to  
have  
contracted  
a cold -  
I think it's  
from  
Monique.

Thurs - "Untie Monday" - Russian Film

Fri - Bill & Chris arrive

→ lunch with Ann Rosen - Central  
Park - enjoyable

A busy week at most; some  
very good high points & some  
not so good low ones - the  
former; the Modern Art Museum  
with Carol on Wednesday - a  
display of modern Italian design -  
Mostly too plaster-like &  
sterile - A car called the  
Kar-a-Sutra was fun - we  
played in it; there were  
hordes of beautiful people  
on view - very exhilarating;  
Phil seemed more open  
today than ever - Encouraged  
me to seek employment with



AMH - the idea seems to please  
me a good deal at the moment;

Sharon is beautiful - open, ebullient  
& all that; John returned the  
Balzer Chapter - he was somewhat  
harsh - how unpleasant - but  
it doesn't really bother me that  
much - I'm enjoying NYC and  
the people I'm meeting much  
to much to get annoyed -  
altho it is irksome; Kate &  
I had lunch on Monday -  
Mon at a joint on 53rd near  
Modern Art - Kate had to buy some  
art supplies nearby - we  
had that pushy waitress & so  
we left no tip; Tuesday we  
went to a place on 7th Ave  
near the Americana - Kate  
talked of her three managers -  
I can't believe she's 64 or  
whatever - I can talk to her



as a colleague; She, Kostya  
I went to see Until Monday  
at the Regency Theatre on B'way  
— a great film — tender,  
compassionate very much  
blue; — a devoted teacher  
and his students — their  
lives become entwined in a  
way which I understand  
altogether well; we had  
coffee at a place on  
B'way near 66th St —  
I felt very New York that  
night — we talked of the  
film — Kate did an owl  
imitation that was so  
funny I couldn't believe it;  
we laughed enthusiastically;  
on Friday — the next day —  
she brought me the owl  
miniature — I love it —  
she is so incredibly thoughtful



Truly one of those rare souls with-  
out whom life on this planet  
wouldn't be much fun —  
No, most of all, wouldn't be  
worthwhile & rich; Bill &  
Chris arrived tonight — they  
are tired & anxious — that  
I can understand — They  
are about to move to NYC —  
packing their stuff; moving  
etc; we had Chili &  
Salad & fruit & yogurt — &  
we all overate; they are  
delightful guests; I didn't  
win the lottery on Thursday —  
I was sure I would; but  
that's another story; I  
only have one more week at  
BMA left — that's sad —  
Well maybe it will be possible  
for me to work then full time;  
I rented 2 more boxes at the  
Valet today — they were



very nice to me at the bank -  
alone their attitude - they  
are people & treat others as such -  
How beautiful

Recently  
read  
books

Come & Punishment  
Roderick Hudson  
Great Expectations  
Main Street  
Washington Square  
The Spoils of Poynton  
A Portrait of a Lady  
Daisy Miller

Sat aug 12 - Sun - Mon aug 14 -  
Billy & Chris ready thru apt. - I  
got up early & went up to help  
them - we ripped up the tile  
from the bedroom floor - very  
tedious & slow - Tarsal a while  
later it was war waged,  
Jail came up around Tuesday -  
we put in the air conditioner -  
Again - very tedious & slow  
How frustrating to have to  
saw out windows to put in  
the air conditioner



aug 15-18 - Tues to Friday - 1972

a very chaotic and somewhat depressing week for the most part; I have been almost overwhelmed by desecration anguish - by fitful starts I have been trying to get back to work; incredible self doubt - I suspect it's related to the fact that I'm just about out of money; out of a job & I haven't really done any good writing for a long time; I did my thing at the Personnel office - Bob Burns - not very gratifying - I absolutely despise all this "official begging" that one must do in order to get a job; I'm not even sure if I want a job; perhaps if I could get that PHEA loan I could do some writing -



Kate + Kostya + I went to see  
Nicholas + Alexandra on Thurs  
night at the Regency - very  
powerful film - some what  
"Hollywood" in finish, says  
Kostya; I was very much in  
the mood for escaping from  
the series of problems which  
seem to be surrounding me  
now - I can't seem to get a  
point of reference; the people  
at AMH have been super -  
saying all sorts of kind things  
about me; suitors Betty  
Martens, Ed Rosenthal (I was  
very surprised that he was  
so praiseworthy); Ernie  
(love him) and P Snider. -

Richard, Sharon + Phil have  
been pure gold throughout -  
Without them I would not  
(the last 3)



have enjoyed the whole AMSthing  
As their College age it was pure  
Joy - Durtous Sharon & her  
linguistic gems; Tue, Wed  
& Fri night I was so distraught  
I watched television almost  
all night long; Hopefully  
this will all pass - but when?  
I seem to be telling myself at  
the moment that I will  
begin writing at the NY Public  
on Mon; that I will get a  
part time job <sup>So B</sup> as a waiter;  
that my PHE loan will  
come through; - given all  
those things; I might get  
my mental state back in  
order; Sunday, Sharon  
Storv arranged a farewell  
"party" for me - 2 balls given -  
Deeta, Ann, Carol, Phil, Richard,  
Sharon, Bob Silver & I - very



stuff; the thought was great  
& I am very grateful; Sharon  
gave me a candle & Carol  
gave me a "box" with my  
initials on it; Wed I had  
lunch at the Museum of Modern  
Art in the garden - that wicked  
dancer (who was on the Channel 7  
news tonight - badly renewed -  
happily) was there then; I  
worked a bit on my thesis;  
Friday Carol & I went to the  
bank - I deposited my slides  
etc; cashed a check; I had  
some slides enlarged - some  
for Earl, Earl's family, Monique,  
Jay & Nore & some for me -  
we stopped and admired the  
Crystal at Rosenthal's on 5th Ave;  
after work I walked home  
from work - 53 blocks -  
very pleasant; Tomorrow I'll  
spend with Carol De Mauro &  
Sunday with Kate Cortiza, Jerry &  
Peter at Fire Island. Ken up to work!



Aug 12-14 (cont'd)

Bill & Chris fought all day -  
At least with regularity  
they yelled at each other;  
such a relationship; at 6 PM  
I got ready to go to Carol  
DeMauro's in Brooklyn -  
I took her a candle, flowers  
& wine - she loved it - & trunk;  
I'm sure she did; her 7  
other guests were young,  
Not very interesting & mostly  
boring; It was an easy  
victory for me - we sat at an  
elegantly appointed table  
& dined well - I ate in  
great abundance - it  
seems that everyone considered  
me somewhat of a dilettant -  
Not surprising - at about



2 PM I left - the train ride  
home was long; I was in bed  
by around 4 - up at 8 AM  
to go off with Kate, Kostya,  
Jerry & Peter to see the  
Countess Talstov - they  
very enjoyable; Peter is  
7 and is a genius - incredible  
child; perfect diction;  
Jerry is slightly concerned  
but very delightful to  
be with; Kate & Kostya  
were nonpareils all  
day long; very European;  
we had dinner with the  
Countess - Kate & Kostya  
chatted with her - she  
is 88 & in good health;  
after leaving the Talstov



Place we went to a nearby  
lake and fed the Canadian  
geese & swans - very  
enjoyable - we spent much  
of the afternoon just relaxing;  
I drove back to NYC -  
I was tired - When we  
were crossing the George  
Washington Bridge I was  
overwhelmed - it's  
Magnificently tough &  
awesome; Jerry & Peter  
went Home (82nd St) -  
I had very stroganoff  
with Kate & Kostya -  
We watched Part II of  
War & Peace - very epic  
in its presentation;  
It was around 1 when



I got to sleep; On Monday  
I was tired all day - &  
somewhat depressed - I am  
in Washington; lunch  
with Sharon Stone in the  
park - lovely; Paul Fieder  
informs me that I can't  
get a job at AMNH - no  
money; I'm depressed  
about my thesis - It  
seems I shall never finish  
it; It's getting me down -  
I have so much more to  
do - John Houston is  
being difficult - Shall  
I get another job; Shall  
I write full time?  
What shall I do? This  
has got to resolve itself soon.



Volume III - Robert Powell; 321 W 103rd.  
#2B, NYC, NY, 10025.



Aug 19-20-21-22, 1972 (Sat - Tues.)  
on Saturday I slept late - how rare a pleasure  
in the past few months; Carol DeMauro  
called at noon and I met her at 2 PM in  
front of the Brooklyn Museum - before going  
there I registered to vote at the corner of  
B'way & 103rd - the Puerto Rican guy who  
registered me couldn't seem to understand  
that Penna. was not in New York - anyhow  
I felt good about being registered to vote;  
we decided to "do" the Botanical Gardens  
at the Museum (for some reason called  
the "Botanic" Gardens); lovely - it was  
the occasion for numerous photographs -  
the English Rose Garden; Water lily  
garden, the green house - incredibly  
well kept, polished & beautiful -  
Carol brought a lunch - two sand-  
wiches, peaches, wine etc which  
we surreptitiously ate on the grass;  
I'm most anxious to see some of  
the crazy photographs we took -



I showed Carol how to use the camera; we spent several hours in the garden & then decided to go to the beach at 116th St & Far Rockaway - What a joy - the Flatbush Ave train (#2) to the end of the line & then the bus across Jamaica Bay to the Atlantic Ocean at 116th St - I was overjoyed to be able to get to the ocean via public transportation. We stayed at the water until sunset - Carol went swimming in her underwear - we went & visited a friend of hers who lived nearby - they were on their way to dinner - they seemed terribly nervous & nervous in their manner; we got the bus back to Flatbush Ave & tried to see Brooklyn College (it was



closed) and then had "beef" at  
the Flatbush Ave. McDonalds —  
tacky, tacky, tacky — much fun —  
we talked for a couple hours  
at McDonald's & then I went  
with Carol to Brooklyn Heights —  
her parents are somewhat "distant";  
I was home by around 1 AM. —  
very tired — I made my mail  
de train and went to bed —  
Kate called at 8:45 AM & we  
were on our way to Fire Island —  
Cross Bronx Expressway — Mago's Neck  
Bridge — Ocean Parkway — past  
Jones Beach — What a surprise —  
it's beautiful, beautiful —  
we rented beach umbrellas  
(Jerry & Peter joined us) &  
installed ourselves au bord de  
la mer — I managed to get a  
rather good sun burn as  
did Kate — we had lunch &



played marbles & summed &  
talked all afternoon; &  
drove back to Manhattan,  
feeling very urban etc & alone,  
Jimmy & Peter went home &  
I went to Kate & Kostya's -  
tuna casserole for dinner -  
very good - naturally I  
overate - Kostya was  
very talkative - we discussed  
modern art & what was  
wrong with it & Kostya  
began to tell his experience  
in escaping from the  
Revolution in 1918 & after -  
His father was an <sup>member of the</sup> Imperial  
Guard for Nicholas II and  
Kostya had in fact gone to  
the Winter Palace twice  
As a young child - he  
saw Nicholas & Alexandra  
& their family on that



occasion; his escape from Germany  
with his family is quite an  
incredible variation - many  
times he was near being shot -  
once he was shot in the back  
& left for dead etc - somehow  
it got to be 2 AM & we were  
still talking - I got the  
B'way local home & went to  
bed immediately; Sheryl  
called at 1030 on Mon -  
I got ready & went to the  
library (Public library) -  
before going there I left the  
roll of 36 exposures (Brooklyn  
Fried Island) at the Lex Ave.  
Photo Shop - I did some work  
at the library & went to AMH  
at 3 PM - Sheryl was in a  
grumpy mood - Sharon,  
Phil & Richard acted as if  
I had been away for two



Months - that made me  
feel very very good; I shall  
invite them to lunch with  
me soon; Sheryl was bitching  
and complaining as usual;  
I showed her what I had  
done etc - Apparently Kay  
(Beth's assistant) is being  
fired - how sad - Kay is one  
of the more interesting  
people at BMA - very  
crazy - Sheryl & I had  
a beer at the Brewery  
for an hour or so after  
work - she delineated  
how depressing her summer  
had been - not exactly  
what I enjoy hearing;  
We walked to the train  
at 59th Street - I walked  
to 103rd St from there -  
No appetite at all - I ate



No dinner; some work was done  
in the evening; I applied - i.e.  
sent my resume' to Yeshiva  
High School & to a priv. liberal  
Arts College in <sup>the</sup> Bronx - Re -  
NY Times ads; It may prove  
to be interesting; I slept  
somewhat fitfully - Again  
Sheryl called in the AM - I  
went to the New York Public  
and worked for 3-4 hours -  
got some good work done &  
went to AMH at 5 PM to see  
Kate - not very rewarding -  
She was harassed by work and  
a new supervisor - I felt  
definitely "de trop" for the 20  
minutes or so that I was there  
We agreed that we would  
talk tomorrow - I got  
the train uptown and had  
something to eat - I fell



Asleep and the evening was  
not terribly productive —  
Right now I'm thinking  
about "doing" a lunch for  
Sharon, Phil, Richard, Carol  
(maybe Sheryl) — I think  
that would be fun.

Aug 23 (Wed), 1972; 24, 25 → Fri.  
Wednesday was not terribly  
productive; I went to the Ly  
Public and got some work done —  
In the evening I watched  
television & slept — <sup>also rented Sheryl</sup> D.O. Called  
morning — back in  
town again — rather strange  
phone call — very distant —  
We shall get together sometime  
next week; On Monday  
I woke up feeling great —  
I went to the bank and  
withdrew the Russian table —



Sporn [AP 1888] 84] for Kate &  
Kostya; got some money out for  
photocopying <sup>(\$1.61 at a place on 42nd st for copying)</sup> the pages from  
my Silver Magazine on Russian  
silver - all that I gave to  
Kate & Kostya on Thursday eve;  
I went to DMH around 3 and  
chatted with Sheryl for about  
an hour - she was in a better  
mood than when I saw her  
earlier in the week - On Wed  
evening at 830 I went to her  
place in the Village - She sure  
has moved back into her apt.  
We put down the rug etc and  
chatted all evening long -  
very pleasant; Back to  
Sunday - after talking  
with Sheryl & chatted with  
Phil for about 40 minutes -  
I enjoyed that a good deal -  
I can't seem to find her



wave length - I then went  
back to the Lexington Ave.  
Photo Shop for my slides  
of the Brooklyn Botanical  
Garden & Fried Island -  
Manque - the film didn't  
"take" in the camera - I was  
so angry that I wasn't mad;  
the enlargements turned  
out very well - i.e. - of  
Earl & family; the Houghtons.  
Sheryl & I had a beer at  
McBumey after she got out  
of work and then we went  
to see Edvard at 58th &  
Lex Ave - My third time  
I loved it - "You're about  
as 'fatale' as an after  
dinner mint" says David  
York to Lena Murelli - that  
film is a tremendous rip  
all the way - Outout



"If you could see her through my  
eyes"; I got the train to  
103 & Sheryl went to the Village;  
I cut some flowers, picked  
out a bottle of wine & went  
to 157 St to wish Kate & Kostya  
happy birthday — then  
birthdays are on the 24 & 25  
of Aug — how convenient —  
Kate told me that "I was  
the child that she & Kostya  
could never have" — I  
was very touched; As were  
they by my birthday goodies —  
surround the Russian spoon  
which we will keep for  
a year alternately — Kate  
loved my idea of then  
keeping the spoon for one year  
and my keeping it the  
next etc; I was profoundly  
moved by their reactions



On Monday: Frank —  
the dealer — Showed up to  
pick up some paintings  
they had done — he  
seemed civil but a bit  
pushy; We had a  
birthday celebration when  
he left — wine; Russian  
birthday cake, and  
naturally "ice cream". —  
A thoroughly delightful  
evening — I left around  
130 AM — Friday was  
an extraordinary day —  
I was busy all day long  
getting ready for Bill &  
Chris to come — I  
went to the store, did  
laundry, cleaned, washed  
my shirts etc — I  
seemed to be busy all day  
and loved it — I surprised



my mind was completely off  
the subject, my dissertation;  
Earl called — reversions in the  
itineraries of Monague & Earl;  
his speech before the Parliament;  
his work at Hyde Park; It  
was pleasant but too brief a  
chat; They will be arriving  
here next week already! —  
My slides from 2 weeks ago  
returned — Successful —  
our trip to see the Countess  
Tolstoy — Good pictures of Kate  
& Kostya; Jerry & Peter —  
I will have some enlargements  
made for them — that ought  
to please them a good deal —  
I think it gives me as  
much pleasure, if not more,  
to give them to them; Bill &  
Chris arrived tonight — 145 min-  
uted — off to bed for them —



tomorrow is Paint & Clean  
the floors day for them at  
their new apt - I shall  
be their worthy assistant -  
their furniture should  
arrive on Monday, probably.  
Sheryl is supposed to join  
us at one point tomorrow  
night - that should be  
interesting. Sunday we  
will go to the beach at  
Far Rockaway.

Saturday, August 26, 1972  
I have just had a superb  
conversation with Bill & Chris -  
I - I have just talked  
with Bill for several hours  
about myself and he about  
himself; Chris fell asleep -  
I felt really close to Bill at  
the moment - he understands



and brings out people from their  
protective shell very well — What  
makes me feel well about the  
whole thing is that I feel I have  
finally made my point clear to  
Bill why I am as I am and  
that means a good deal to me —  
The occasions are few when I can  
so fully talk about myself  
to others with such complete  
confidence and assurance;  
What is really nice is that I  
have learned a good deal about  
myself by having had to  
articulate to Bill what I am  
and what I represent; My  
chat with Bill has been a  
most gratifying desert to a  
very fulfilling day; we  
painted and "varnished" all  
day long — then apt. is  
really "getting it all together",



As one says. It should be  
beautiful when they get  
their furniture in; Sheryl  
did not feel up to joining  
us tonight - I was a  
bit late in calling her -  
I was supposed to call  
her around 830 & I  
didn't get a chance until  
1030 because we were  
working at the apt;  
we had dinner at 321  
(steaks & cheese & onions) -  
Bill hates vegetables soup  
plus, Corn and beans -  
tomorrow am supposed  
to go to the beach at Far  
Rockaway with Sheryl &  
Carol & Mauro - I wonder  
if it will all materialize  
at the moment, the weather  
seems to be against us.



Sunday - Wednesday - Aug 27 - 30  
The beach didn't materialize - rain -  
I helped Bill & Chris at their apt -  
At the moment it seems to be  
a blur what we did - probably  
the kitchen or the bedroom -  
all day - I enjoyed helping  
them; we doubtless had dinner  
out and then returned to 321  
very fatigued and went to sleep -  
Monday we painted the bathroom  
and cleaned up the apt en  
général - Chris cooked spaghetti  
& mushrooms & noodles & eggs -  
very good - we slept after  
discussing the Knox's and  
then particularly qualities and  
why the Parkwoods don't like them;  
Tuesday was beach day -  
we drove out of Flatbush Ave  
to the sea, as it were -  
I loved the ride - all the



way through Brooklyn -  
Across the Brooklyn Bridge -  
Magnificent gothic arches -  
the sea was glorious -  
we needed a beach where  
there were no guards so  
Scott & I could run freely -  
finally we found one - then  
the sun went behind a  
cloud and stayed there  
all afternoon - we rode  
it back to Manhattan in  
time to have dinner at  
Chuan Hong at 105 + B'way  
Sara Resnik recommended  
it and her recommendation  
was very well given -  
Szechuan style - very hot  
and spicy and very good;  
we then walked from 103  
to 116th on one side of B'way  
and back down on the other



I watched Dick Caveth - Bill  
slept; Chris watched the pages  
of Main Street, as it were;  
Jail called at 130 - he  
returns on Saturday - Wed  
I went to the bank - did  
some food shopping and  
laundry in preparation for  
the arrival of Earl & Monique  
I helped Bill & Chris unpack  
in the late afternoon and  
then returned to Clean & get  
ready for Chris & Bill to leave  
and Earl & Monique to arrive;  
I met them at GCT at 720  
or so - Great fun - we  
had a chaotic ride up on the  
train and then had dinner -  
Chicken & Curried rice &  
Cheese cake & tomatoes - very  
good; Bill & Chris dropped  
by for dessert - I did



Enjoy the evening Chatting  
with Earl & Monique; they  
were & are delighted to see  
each other again; lovely  
evening; Mahler's Symphony

#2; some & legends;  
Remain I have a luncheon  
meeting with Sheryl & Sharon  
at Steak and Brew — &  
then an interview at

Yeshiva High School in  
Far Rockaway for a job —  
I'm very excited and hope  
it all works out — I

am not exactly sure  
where I'm going when  
I get to Far Rockaway  
but it should be a gas  
figuring all that out  
when I get there. Sheryl  
called tonight — the  
reigning Terrence at HMM is



beginning for the second time this  
year - work oriented efforts are being  
initiated - tout le monde seems to be  
up in arms - surtout Sheryl, Sharon,  
Richard + Phil - more about that  
tomorrow.

Thurs - Aug 31 - Lunch Sheryl + Sharon; <sup>Chuang/Hong;</sup> Yeshiva; Kate + Krista  
Fri - Sept 1 - E + M leave; bank; depression; Bill + Chris  
Sat - Sept 2 - WSOAS with K + K; Chiz les Farhood - <sup>Joel Returns</sup>  
Sun - Sept 3 - Calvin leaves; art show with Sheryl; <sup>Bill + Chris</sup> for dinner  
Mon - Sept 4 - <sup>- accept Yeshiva job.</sup> Fire Island; Bill + Chris for dinner  
Tue - Sept 5 - 11:10 train for Boston;

Chaos, fatigue, pleasure. Earl +  
Monique went on a shopping expedition  
in Midtown + I went to lunch at Steak +  
Beer with Sheryl + Sharon - picked up  
my AMMA checks beforehand - our  
lunch was very pleasant + it  
seems that Sharon + I enjoyed it  
more than Sheryl did; Sharon + I